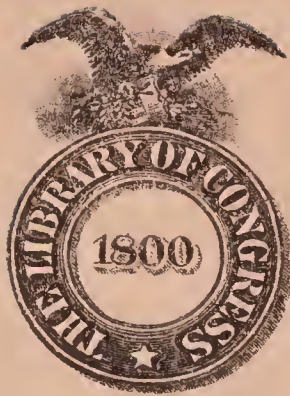


IDEALS AND ADVENTURES

EMMA E. AKIN



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IDEALS

THE NEGRO AMERICAN
SERIES

And

ADVENTURES

by



EMMA E. AKIN

Supervisor of
Elementary Grades
Drumright, Oklahoma

Photographs by
THAT MAN STONE COMPANY

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This book is dedicated
to America's Negro Boys and Girls

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THE AUTHOR

WHY THIS BOOK WAS MADE

Boys and girls, this book was written to help you learn more about the Negroes of America. In it you will read of Negroes who have been successful in many kinds of work.

You will read of boys and girls, like yourselves, who want to grow into successful, useful, happy men and women.

These boys and girls have reasons for being proud of their race. They know how important it is to be friendly and helpful toward all races. They are loyal citizens of our great country.

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IDEALS AND ADVENTURES

The Earth

God's footstool is a giant thing
That sheathes a smold'ring fire;
It soars in space on unseen wing
And moves at His desire.

God's footstool's an enormous place
With mysteries inside;
But on its rugged, curving face
His creatures all abide.

God's footstool is a mammoth stage
On which His creatures move
In scenes of sorrow, joy, or rage
That hurt the heart, or soothe.



New Friends

Do you like to find new friends?

When a stranger comes to your school, you like to be introduced. You want to

know the stranger's name. Then you want to know what kind of person your new friend is. You like to learn many things about your friends.

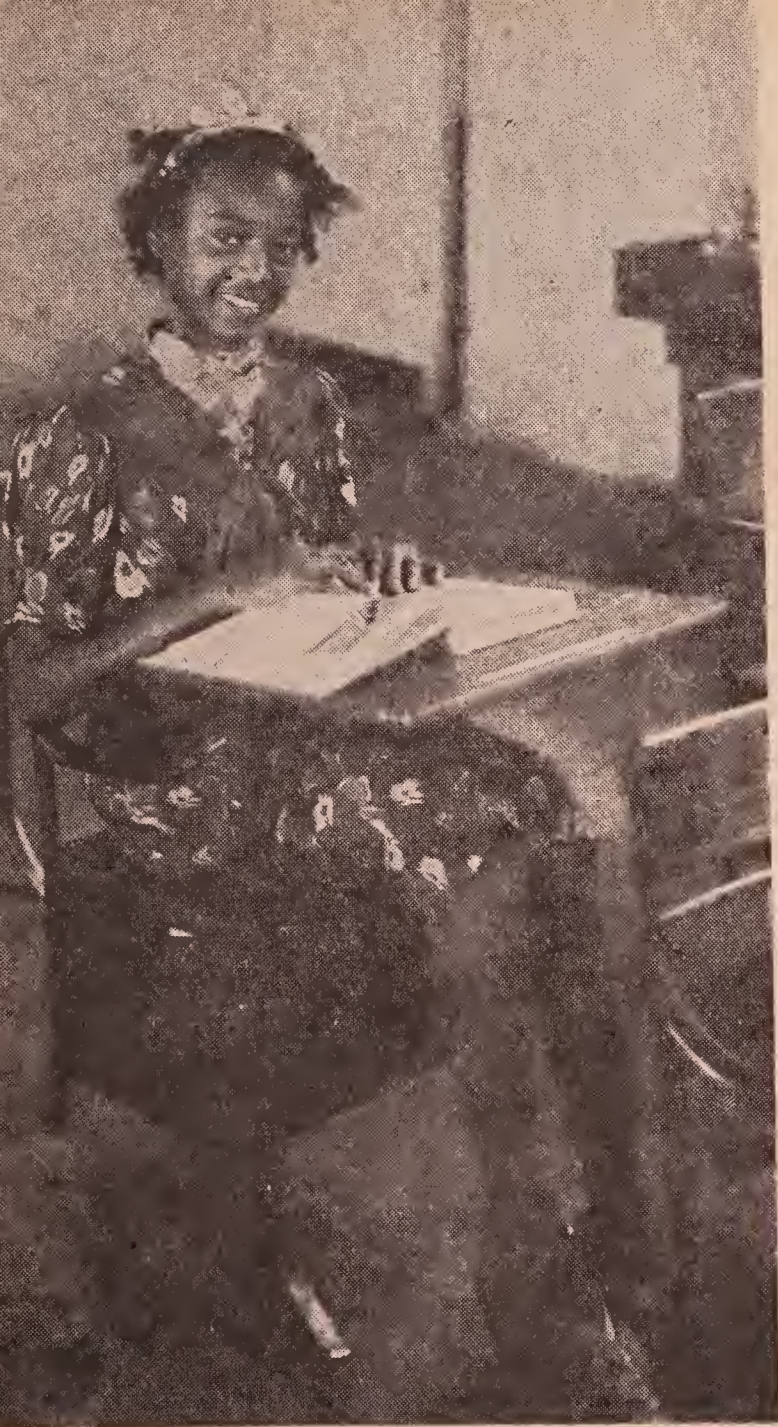
In this book you will find some new friends. You may find some old friends, too. We shall introduce the people who helped make this book. If they are strangers, you will be glad to meet them. If they are old friends, it will be fun to be introduced to them as if they were strangers.

Let us pretend we are having a party. Shall we call it a “Book Party”?

If you like, you may sit on your chair while we go to the party. Are you ready?

Put your two feet on the floor; let your hands rest in your lap; close your eyes and try to hear the sound of the motor as we ride to Bookland for the party.

Oh, here we are! Open your eyes. The book guests will walk out, one by one, and meet you. Do you know how to be polite when you are introduced? We hope you will be very polite to these guests. Some of the younger people have not been to a Book Party before. Some of the older guests have been to many Book Parties. They know just how to act. You will want to show your very best manners.



Opal Bell

This is Opal Bell. You are going to like her, I am sure. See how clean and neat she looks!

Opal lives with her grandmother and grandfather. Her own mother and father are in Texas. Opal likes to stay with her grand-

father and grandmother. They are good to her and she loves them dearly.

On a warm summer day, Opal often walks to the Post Office. Her mother does not forget her little girl while she is away. She sends a letter or a package through the mail

every few days. That is why Opal likes to go to the Post Office.

What do you think Opal enjoys more than anything else in the world? She likes to go to church! She likes the music at church. Most of all, she likes to listen when the minister talks.

When Opal becomes a woman, she wants to be a music teacher. She wants to teach boys and girls to play the piano. Opal Bell is a good girl. She is clean. She is kind and polite. She is always ready to help her grandmother with the dishes and other housework. She has a very pleasant smile for her friends. Don't you want to know her better?

One day, Mr. Johnson, the principal at Opal's school, said, "It is too bad that you were born a hundred years too late to hear one of the interesting women preachers of

our race. You would have enjoyed listening to her.”

“What was her name?” asked Opal.

“She was called Sojourner Truth,” replied Mr. Johnson.

“What an odd name!” exclaimed Opal.

“Yes, it is unusual,” answered Mr. Johnson. “It seems that her mother called her Isabella. Her parents were slaves. When she was little, her good mother did not have much time to spend with her except at night when



they went to the cellar-room in which all the Negroes slept.

“Isabella’s mother loved her, and wanted her to be a good girl. She taught her child to repeat the Lord’s prayer. Every night, no matter how tired the mother was, she listened to Isabella as she repeated this beautiful prayer in the cold, wet cellar where they slept.

“When Isabella became a woman, she had children of her own. The state in which she lived had passed a law against slavery and so her family was free. But one of her children was stolen and sold into slavery in another state.

“Isabella left her home and went out to try to find her child. She wandered from place to place for many months. You can imagine how hungry and lonely Isabella



must have been at times.

“One night a white Quaker woman took her into her home and gave Isabella food and a place to sleep. The next day the woman helped her go to New York. There she joined a church and studied to make herself a better woman.

“But she could not stay in New York! She must go out into the world and try to help her people. Many of them were held as slaves in different states. She could not find her own child, and so she thought the next best thing would be to help free all her people.

“Isabella could not read or write because she had never gone to school. She said to herself, ‘I must work for the freedom of my peo-

ple! What can I do? I can tell my story to other mothers who love their children. It will touch their hearts. I can sing of God and His love for all mankind. I will go out into the world talking and singing. The people must listen to me and help my people!’

“Then she tied everything she owned into a bundle. It was a very small bundle, for Isabella had little of this world’s goods. With her tiny bundle in her arms and a sad, but determined look on her face, she said to her friends, ‘I am no longer Isabella; I am Sojourner, because from this time forth I am to travel up and down the land showing the people their sins.’

“And from that day,



she did travel all over the country, preaching and singing. She made many friends for herself and for her people.

“Finally she decided that one name was not enough. Other people had two names. She said to her friends, ‘I told the Lord that I needed another name. He gave me Truth, because I was to declare the truth to all the people.’ ”

“Did Sojourner Truth ever find her child?” asked Opal.

“No, she did not find the child,” said Mr. Johnson. “She spent the rest of her life working for the freedom of her people. She had a wonderful gift which she used to soften hard hearts. All who heard her were surprised and helped by her voice and by the truths she declared.

“You would have enjoyed Sojourner

Truth's sermons," continued Mr. Johnson. "And you would have wondered at her courage. She did not appear to be a strong woman, yet she worked night and day helping Negroes escape through the Underground Railroad."

"What!" exclaimed Opal. "Did she work on a train?"

"Oh, no!" smiled Mr. Johnson. "The Underground Railroad was not a real railroad. It did not have anything to do with trains. It was a system used by a group of people who did not believe that slavery was right. These people planned a way to help the Negroes escape into Canada. They worked together so secretly that no one else knew who they were nor by what route the Negroes traveled."

"How did they travel?" asked Opal Bell.

“When a slave ran away, a member of the Underground Railroad gave him secret instructions about which way to go and where to meet another member who would give him more information. He learned at which houses along the way he could find friends and food. He was told where he could find a place to sleep and rest during the day so that he could travel at night. Often he was warned by members of the system that strangers were near. Many times he was hidden in straw or hay, or even among the vegetables on their way to market.”

“Working on the Underground Railroad must have been dangerous,” said Opal.

Mr. Johnson sighed, “Only brave people could belong to the Underground Railroad. Sojourner Truth was one of the bravest and most helpful of them all!”

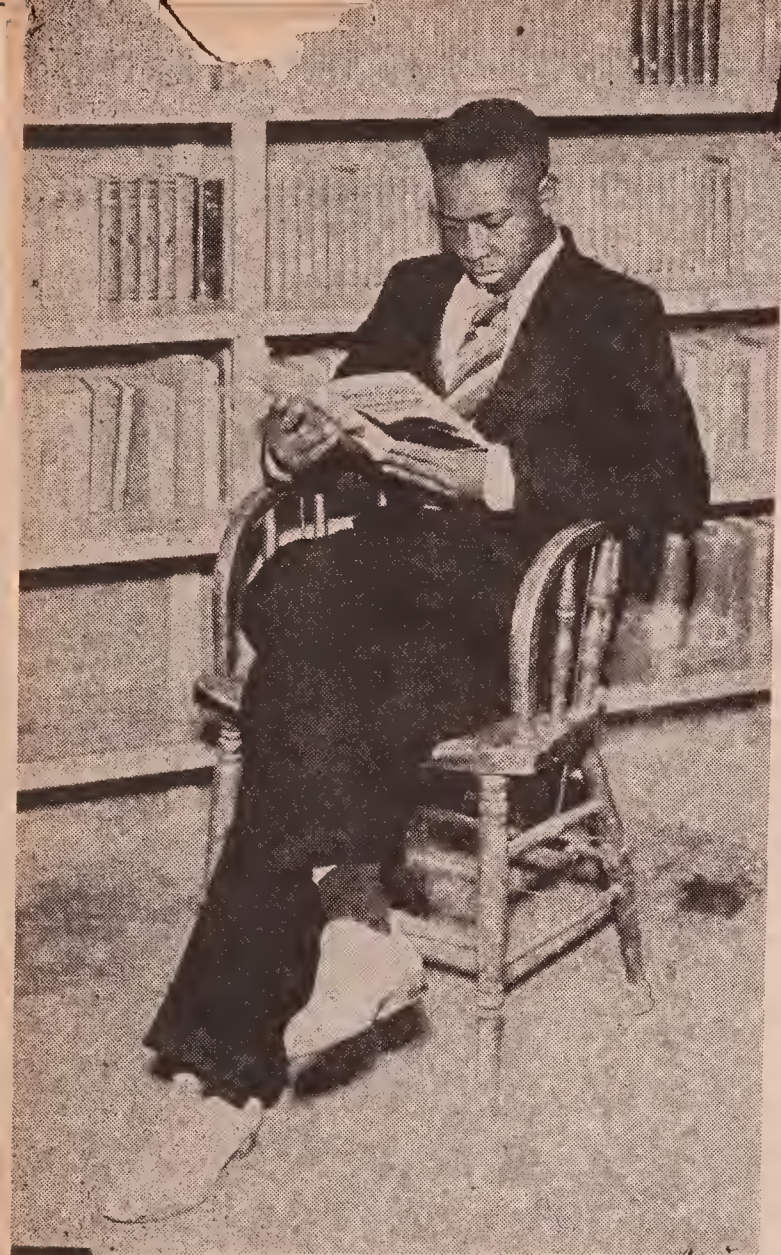
Leslie Adams

T h i s is Leslie Adams. He is another guest at the Book Party. He has never gone to a Book Party before, but he looks as if he knows how to act. Leslie wants you to be friendly and to enjoy the party.

Leslie h à s n o mother. He lives with his aunt. He helps take care of the smaller children while his aunt is working.

Like most boys, Leslie likes to play in water. He likes to swim if the water is not too deep. He thinks it is great fun to go with





h i s Sunday School class on a picnic near the river. He enjoys these picnics m o s t when the days are hot and the tall trees along the banks of the river make a c o o l shadow on the water.

You could never guess w h a t Leslie wants to do when he becomes a man. He wants to be a teacher!

To be sure, he must study carefully every day if he is to become a good teacher, and of course he wants to be a good teacher. He will finish school at Dunbar. Then he will go to college.

“But where shall I go to college?” he

often asks himself. “We have fine colleges in Oklahoma and Texas. Howard University, at Washington, D. C., is one of our best schools. I should like to go there some day. Fisk University in Tennessee is a fine school, too. The Jubilee Singers came from Fisk. There are many great colleges in the South; such as, Shaw, in North Carolina; Dillard at New Orleans; and Tuskegee in Alabama. I can’t decide which will be best for me.”

One thing Leslie wants to teach boys and girls is how to make a good living. He wants to help them learn the kind of work that will make them happy. He knows that a person must enjoy his work if it is to be a success.

As he grows older, Leslie will study about the great teachers of his race and of the white race, too.

He says, “I want to be able to show my

boys and girls that there is joy and dignity in work well done. That is what Booker T. Washington taught his students. It would be wonderful to go to Tuskegee and to learn more of the great teacher, Mr. Washington."

Then Leslie thinks of another teacher who said, "Manly self-respect is worth more than lands and money," and he agrees that Mr. W. E. B. Du Bois spoke the truth.

"Another fine teacher was president of Atlanta University in Georgia for many years," Leslie says. "I want to know more about him. His name was John Hope."

One day Leslie went to the library to find a book that would tell him about Dr. Hope. Would you like to hear the story he told his classmates the next day?

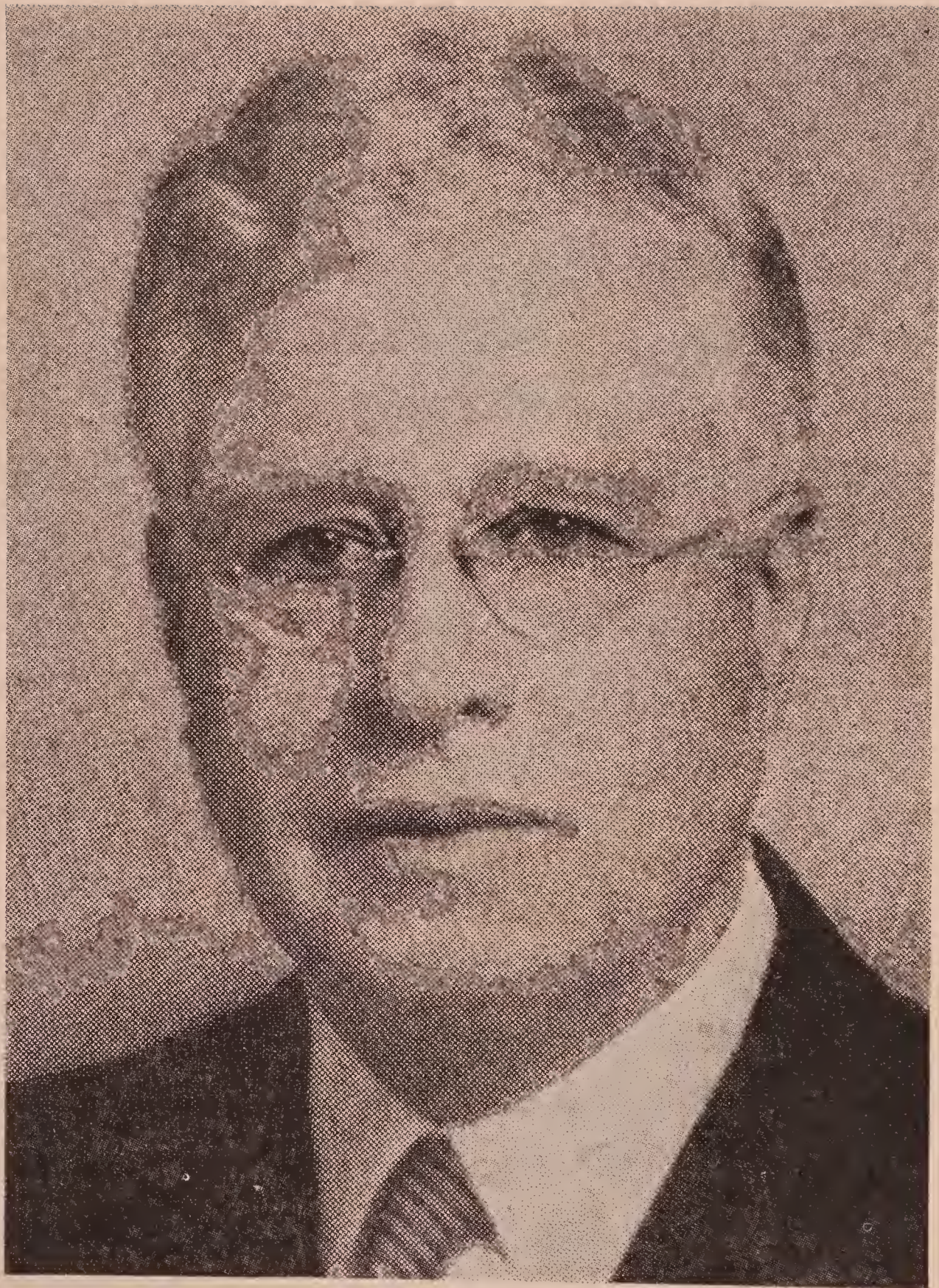
Dr. John Hope

John Hope was born in Augusta, Georgia, the second day of June, 1868, just three years after the close of the Civil War. His father and mother were poor. They had worked hard to make a living since the day of freedom; but there had been little opportunity to save any money.

John wanted an education. His parents wanted to help him but there was little they could do. By the time John was eleven years old, he was earning his own way in school.

How many eleven-year-old boys do you know? How many of them would be frightened at the thought of having to earn their own living?

It takes a brave boy to go forward when there is no one to help him, especially if that



Dr. John Hope
(18)

boy is a Negro in the South. It would have been much easier for John to say, "I can't go to school. I am poor. I will just stay at home and do what I can to earn my bread and meat. It is not possible for me to do anything worth while for myself or for my people. But I shall always wish I could have gone to school."

John Hope was not the kind of boy who sat at home and did nothing about his dearest wishes. He went out and found a way to make them come true.

Many times he was tired and discouraged, but he would not give up his plans for an education. He must have felt it part of his duty to live up to his name, "HOPE."



After he had finished grade school, he worked for about four years. But he wanted a higher education. He left his job and entered Worcester Academy in Massachusetts. He spent a wonderful year there; but when he tried to find work to earn his way in Worcester for the next year, he was not able to secure employment.

John said to himself, "What shall I do? My parents can not help me. I can not find work. Must I leave school? Is there no way for me to continue my education?"

John believed that God helps His children. He thought of the minister of his own little church in Augusta. Surely a man who worked for God would be able to advise a boy who wanted only what was right. John loved the minister dearly. He went to him and told his story.

though he had no money.

He went from the school in Massachusetts to Brown University in Rhode Island. Most of the

students at this school were white, too. John Hope won many honors at Brown University.

When the time came for him to graduate from Brown University, Mr. Hope was asked to be commencement speaker for his class there, also.

During his study at Brown, Mr. Hope gave up the idea of becoming a doctor and decided to be a teacher. He felt that he could be of more help to young Negroes as a teacher than in any other way. He took for his motto the word, "Service." From that time, his whole life was devoted to serving his people and his country.



After teaching at Roger Williams University in Nashville, Tennessee, for a few years, Mr. Hope went to Atlanta, Georgia, to teach in Morehouse College. He felt very much at home in Georgia.

His work was so successful in Morehouse College that a strange thing happened. He became president of the college! Until Mr. Hope became president of Morehouse, it had always had a white person for president.

That was a real honor, indeed, for Mr. Hope. Can you imagine how proud his friends were? He did not disappoint them. While he was president of Morehouse College the enrollment increased from twenty-one to three hundred thirty-two students.

Then came the World War! When America sent our young men across the sea to face those big guns, Mr. Hope left his work

as president of Morehouse and went with them. He felt his country needed him. He wanted to help his boys who were fighting for Uncle Sam.

As a special secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, he worked with the Negro soldiers of America. He spent a year in France. His services were so great that he was later called upon to hold office in all branches of the Young Men's Christian Association. He even became an officer of the World's Committee of this organization.

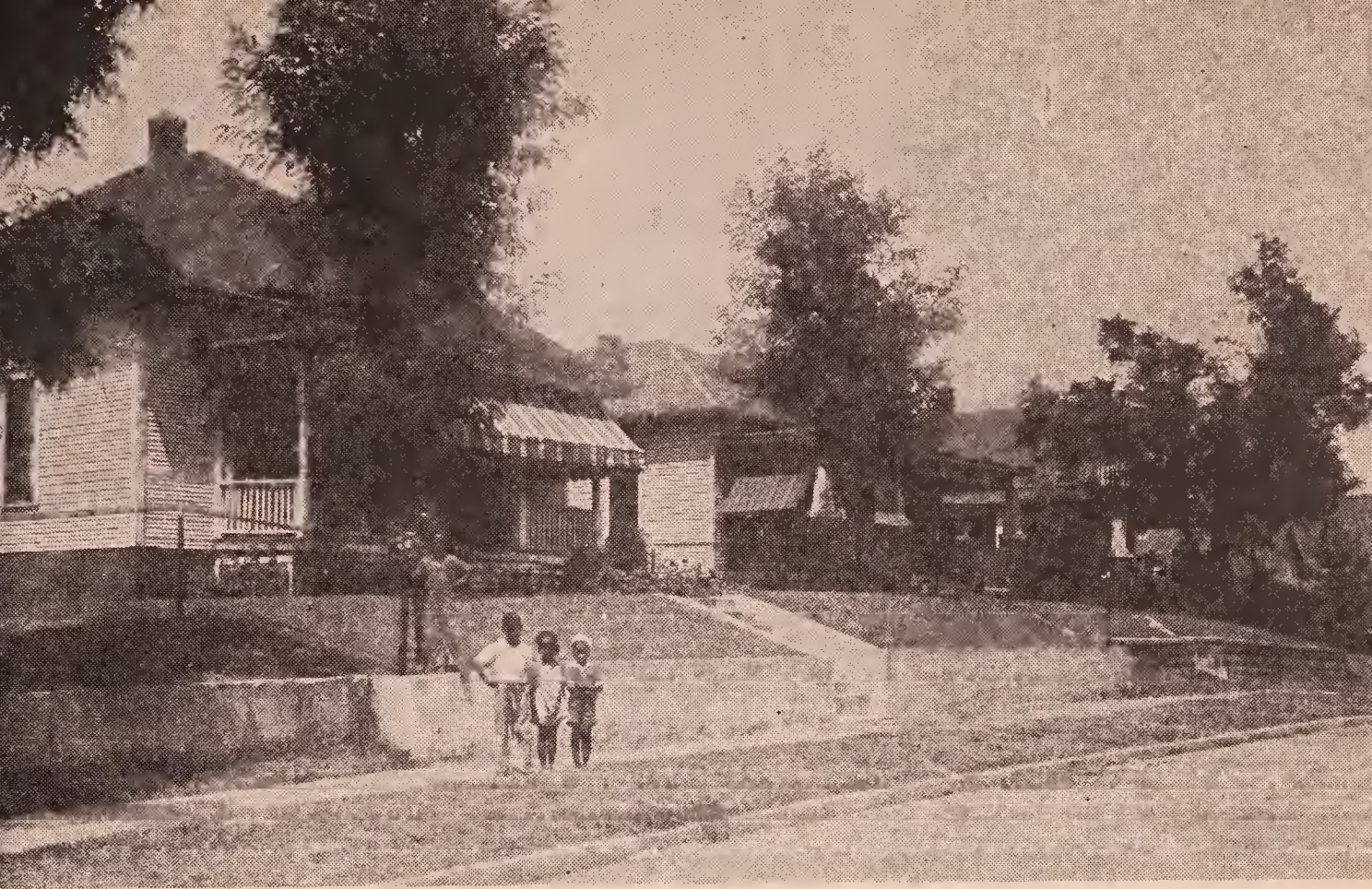
After the War ended, Mr. Hope came home to America. In 1920 Howard University honored him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Three other universities gave him similar degrees within a few years.

In 1929 Dr. Hope was called to Georgia again to become president of Atlanta Uni-

versity. He remained there as president until his death in 1936.

Dr. Hope did not forget his motto. He gave a long life of service to his race, to his country, and to his God. He helped build clean characters among the young people with whom he worked. As president of Atlanta University, he built one of America's greatest schools for his race. His work as a member of many groups that study Negro life and history, brought honor upon him and his people. At all times he tried to bring about a better understanding between white and colored citizens of the United States.

One of Dr. Hope's last great tasks was the building of better homes for the Negroes of Atlanta. He worked with the United States government to tear down and remove the old, dirty, fire traps in which many Ne-



groes lived. Under his plan model homes were built with money from the government. These new houses make clean, comfortable homes which may be rented at a reasonable price. Dr. Hope's plan was the first of its kind ever undertaken by the United States government.

SOME THINGS TO TALK ABOUT

1. What fine teachers have you known?
2. Tell your friends about some money you have earned. How did you earn it? How did you spend it? Did you spend it wisely?
3. If you had no one to help you, how might you earn your way through school?
4. When you are ready for college, where do you want to go? Why do you choose that college?
5. If you were president of a college, would you go away to war? Why?
6. Find on a map:
 - Where Dr. Hope was born.
 - The states in which he went to school.
 - The states in which he taught school.

The Spingarn Medal

“Did the Spingarn Medal go to Dr. John Hope in 1936?” asked one of the boys when Leslie had finished his story.

“Oh, yes!” answered Leslie. “That is an honor I forgot to tell you about. Dr. Hope did win the Spingarn Medal. The committee



that chose the winner said that Dr. Hope should be given the Medal because he was a distinguished leader of his race, and one of the foremost college presidents in the United States, widely and favorably known throughout the educational world."

"What is the Spingarn Medal?" asked Opal.

"It has been said that the Spingarn Medal is the most distinguished badge that an American Negro can wear," replied Leslie. "About twenty-four years ago, Mr. Joel E. Spingarn decided to give a gold medal every year to the American Negro who had accomplished the highest and noblest work during that year or the years which had gone before. Mr. Spingarn was at that time chairman of the board of directors for the National Association for the Advancement of

Colored People. He thought that giving this medal would help to acquaint all people with the fact that American Negroes are accomplishing much that is great



Spingarn Medal

and good. He thought the medal would encourage the Negroes, themselves, to do their best.”

“Who is Mr. Spingarn?” Opal inquired.

“Major Spingarn is a white man who lives in New York. He is a highly educated man. He has spent much time studying the special problems and abilities of Negroes in our country. Mr. Spingarn helped organize the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and has served as

its president for many years. It was Major Spingarn who, as president of the Association, undertook to see that Negroes should have the opportunity of being trained as officers in the army during the World War. That was a difficult task, but Mr. Spingarn worked until it was accomplished."

"What is the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People?" asked Opal.

"Opal, you surprise me," answered Leslie. "I thought every Negro knew about the N. A. A. C. P. It is an organization in which Negroes and white people work together for the good of our country. It is especially interested in helping Negroes find a way to live happier and more useful lives. Some one has said that the Association is trying to save black America's body and white Amer-

ica's soul."

"Did you say the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People gives this Spingarn Medal each year to the Negro who has done the most good?" asked Opal.

"Mr. Spingarn gives the medal, himself, but it is awarded at the annual meeting of the Association," explained Leslie.

"How does Mr. Spingarn decide who wins the medal?"

"There is a committee to decide that," Leslie told Opal. "The chairman of the committee has been the same man for many years. The other members are different



each year. You will be surprised to learn that the chairman of the committee is a grandson of an old, old friend. His name is Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, and his grandfather was William Lloyd Garrison, the friend of Frederick Douglass, and one of the white men who worked and fought so long ago to free the slaves.

“Some well-known persons have helped Mr. Villard find the Negro who deserved the Spingarn Medal each year. Among them are such names as Theodore Roosevelt, Sinclair Lewis, and John Embree.

“At the twenty-second annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, there were many sad hearts when Dr. Mordecai Johnson, President of Howard University, stood on the platform to award the Spingarn Medal.

Dr. Johnson had been a student in Dr. Hope's college. He had studied, and walked, and talked many a time with Dr. Hope. He loved the man to whom the medal was to be awarded. He felt it a great honor to be asked to present the medal to Dr. Hope.

“But Dr. Hope was not on the platform to receive the medal. At least his body was not there; for it had been laid in a grave four months before the meeting. Many who were there, said they felt the spirit of kindness and service which was the real Dr. Hope, as they listened to the talk Dr. Johnson made. When he had finished, the medal which Dr. Hope was not present to receive, was placed in the keeping of Mrs. Hope.”

TO HELP YOU REMEMBER

Choose words from the list on the following page. Fill each blank with the correct word.

1. The Spingarn Medal is given to the who has done the greatest work.

2. The chairman of the committee that chooses the medal is

3. was a friend of Frederick Douglass and a worker for freedom.

4. Mr. Garrison was Mr. Villard's

5. is president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

6. was awarded the Spingarn Medal in 1936.

7. is president of
Howard University.

John Hope

Mordecai Johnson

Negro

grandfather

Mr. Villard

Mr. Spingarn

Mr. Garrison

Talbert Adams

Here is another guest at the Book Party. His name is Talbert Adams. Please be very kind and polite to Talbert. He worked hard to get ready to be introduced to you. He wants you for a friend.

Have you ever heard the name, Talbert, before? Do you suppose this fine looking boy could have been named for the person who received the Spingarn Medal in 1922 for service to Negro women and for helping restore the home of Frederick Douglass?

Talbert has no father; but he has a good mother, two sisters, and five older brothers. Leslie is not



his brother but he lives in Talbert's home. That makes ten people in one house.

Talbert and Leslie have great fun. They are almost the same size and age. They like to play the same games. Best of all, they like to swim together.

Can you guess what Talbert wants to do when he becomes a man? Look at the picture again. Yes, he wants to be a business man. He will begin by learning to cook. Two of his brothers cook in a cafe. Talbert thinks they are good cooks. He wants to be like them. See how clean and white his cap and apron are! Talbert likes to be clean. He will cook good, clean food for you.

Talbert knows that cooking is hot work in summer; but he is not afraid of work. He is thinking of the delicious food he will prepare. He is planning a little place of his

very own, where he will serve the best of food at reasonable prices. He says he will be so prompt and courteous that people will be pleased and will come again.

Talbert knows stories of men who have been successful in business. He laughs when he thinks of Robert Gordon, a Negro who lived in Cincinnati, Ohio, long ago. He thinks Mr. Gordon was a good business man. Here is the story. You may read it.

Robert Gordon



“He’s just another cinder! Just one more cinder among these great heaps of slack!” exclaimed the big engineer when informed that another Negro baby had been born.

It was in the mining district of Virginia in the days of slavery that little Robert Gordon first opened his dark eyes. Everything in the small cabin—the furniture, the floor, the bed on which the child lay, even the air—was black with coal dust. Tiny specks of soot settled on the baby’s brow and around his nostrils, breathing themselves into his delicate lungs.

But in spite of the coal and the dust and the ridicule, Robert grew strong, intelligent, and happy.

From the time he was large enough to lift a mining tool and dig in the earth, Robert worked with coal. He learned how to find the coal that made the hottest fire, or that burned the longest. He learned how to handle the coal so that there would be as little waste as possible. And he learned to be friendly and courteous toward people who came to buy coal.

“Robert may be just another cinder,” said his master, “but he has a spark of fire in him. He knows more about coal than any one else in these mines. More than that, he can be trusted.”

When Robert was a young man, his master put him in charge of one of his coal yards. Robert proved



that he was worthy of the trust. The business grew and grew. It brought much money to the white man.

The man appreciated Robert's honesty and business ability. One day he said, "You are a fine young man. You work hard. You are making money for me. I am going to give you all the slack that falls from the coal while it is being handled. You may do what you like with the slack. It is all yours after today."

"Thank you," said Robert.

And from that day, Robert began to sell the little pieces that broke off when the coal was moved. They did not bring as much money as the larger pieces, but Robert sold some every day. He put the money away and saved every penny of it.

Before so very long he had saved a large

sum of money. What do you think he did with it?

First, he bought his freedom. His master was proud of him and was glad to sell him his freedom. Robert had more than enough money to pay for his freedom. He knew what he wanted to do with the extra money.

Then Robert went to Ohio. "This is a place that becomes quite cold in winter. People must have very hot fires for several months each year. They will buy much coal," he thought.

After a time, he started a coal business for himself in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was a good business man. He remembered all that he had learned in the mines and in the coal yard which he managed for his master. He was fair and friendly. Many people came to buy coal from him. He earned and saved

quite a sum of money.

But other people who sold coal in Cincinnati did not like to see a Negro make so much money. They said, "He is selling more coal than we are. What can we do?"

One of these men suggested, "Let us reduce the price of our coal. Then our customers will come back to us. We will sell our coal at such a low price that people will not buy his coal. We will drive Robert Gordon out

International News Photos



of business!"

"That is a fine plan," agreed the others
"We will all reduce our prices at once."

They advertised the great sale of coal at reduced prices. In a very short time they began to sell a great amount of coal. The men patted each other on the back and laughed, "That was a smart trick! Soon Robert Gordon's coal yard will be closed and we will have all the business. Then we can raise the price again and all will be well."

And their plans might have been successful if this "cinder" had not contained that "spark of fire." But Robert Gordon was too shrewd for those coal dealers. He hired men to go to them and buy their low-price coal. He bought all they had.

Just when the other merchants had sold all their coal, the weather took a hand. Down



Underwood and Underwood

From the North the icy winds came roaring. They spread a mantle of snow and ice over trees and houses and fields. They froze the Ohio River so that no boats could travel its waters. The people of Cincinnati shut themselves up in their houses and piled coal into their stoves and furnaces. Day and night, they kept the fires burning high.

The other merchants laughed no more. They had sold all their coal and could get no more until the ice in the Ohio River broke.

Mr. Robert Gordon was the only person in Cincinnati who had coal to sell. He became a rich man.

Charles C. Spaulding

“I think a man should do the kind of work he really enjoys,” said Talbert. “Some people like to teach school; some like to build houses or bridges; some like to raise plants or animals; and others want to do many different kinds of work. When Charles Spaulding was a small boy, he lived and worked on

a farm. But he did not like the farm.”

“Perhaps he did not like to work,” suggested Leslie. “There is a great deal of hard work to be done on a farm.”

“It was not that,” said Talbert. “Charles



C. Spaulding was willing to work. But he had a dream of another kind of life. He wanted to choose a new work. He wanted to go to the city. He wanted an education."

"Could he not go to school in the country?" asked Leslie. "Was the country school not good enough for him?"

"Charles Spaulding lived in North Carolina," answered Talbert. "He was born in 1874. How many Negro schools do you think there were in the South at that time?"

Leslie thought for a moment. "Why, that was only a few years after the Civil War!" he exclaimed. "I suppose there were not many schools for Negroes, even in the cities."

"But Charles Spaulding found a way to go to school," Talbert went on. "To be sure, he was a young man before he was able to

do this. Even then, he had to earn his way. His first job was in a large hotel in Durham, North Carolina. He washed dishes for the hotel. That was a big job, but they paid him only ten dollars a month for washing all those dishes. He did his work cheerfully and well. Perhaps that is why, after a time, he was given a better position in the hotel."

"But," said Leslie, "I thought he wanted to go to school. How could he do all that work and go to school?"

"He could not do both," answered Talbert. "That is why he left the hotel and found another place where he could cook for a small family. This gave him time to study, too.

"In only two years he was able to graduate from grade school. Think of that! It takes all our time for eight years to finish grade school. What would we do if we had

to earn our living as Mr. Spaulding did?

“After he had graduated from school, Mr. Spaulding tried the grocery business; but that was not a success. The people who owned the store did not understand how to make a success of the grocery business. They left Mr. Spaulding with a big debt. It took him several years to pay the debt. Then he could look the world in the face again because he had been honest. All he had left was his self-respect, his dreams, and his determination to go forward.

“Mr. Spaulding had an uncle, Dr. A. M. Moore, who had been interested in business for some time. Dr. Moore, Mr. John Merrick, and several other Negro men had organized an insurance company. They had not made a great success of the insurance business. The other men sold their interests to Dr.

Moore and Mr. Merrick. These two men, knowing that Mr. Spaulding was honest, intelligent, and willing to work asked him to help them with their insurance company.

“What a task! The idea of a life insurance company for Negroes was new. No one in the whole country had made a success of such a business. But Mr. Spaulding was determined to succeed. This was the opportunity of which he had dreamed. He worked harder and for longer hours than he did as waiter and bell boy in the big hotel. He not only sold insurance; he kept the books and bank accounts. He even swept and dusted the office.

“From the beginning, Mr. Merrick, Dr. Moore, and Mr.



Spaulding were careful about three principles: First, they understood every part of the business and worked unselfishly for the good of the company and of the race. Second, they were honest with one another, with the people who worked for them, and with those who bought insurance from them. Third, they really worked to make the business a success.

“So long as Mr. Merrick and Dr. Moore were able to work, Mr. Spaulding remained as manager of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company. Now he is president of the business. More than twelve hundred people work with him. His company has large attractive buildings in several states. The North Carolina Mutual Block in Durham furnishes homes on the lower floors for many Negro businesses, such as, barber shops, a

bank, a drug store, a candy shop, and furniture stores.

“The white people, as well as the black, who know Mr. Spaulding have a great respect for him. He has always worked for good will between the races. His dream of service to Negroes is coming true every day as he sees his people working in their chosen fields, saving and spending wisely, and becoming more independent, useful citizens. He is interested in schools for colored people. He is treasurer of the Board of Directors for Shaw University in North Carolina.”

“Shaw is a fine school,” said Leslie. “It is one of the oldest schools for Negroes in the South. It was begun about 1868. It was the first Negro university in the South to open its doors to women.”

“Yes,” agreed Talbert, “Shaw is a fine



Charles C. Spaulding

school. Mr. Spaulding has helped to make it better. Some day I may go to Shaw University. I am sure Mr. Spaulding would tell me that it is good business to go to school as much as I can."

HELPERS FOR YOU

1. Look at a map of the United States. Find North Carolina. Find your state. Which direction is North Carolina from your home?

2. Find Virginia. Which direction is it from your home?

3. Find Cincinnati, Ohio. Which direction is it from your home?

4. Which is larger, Ohio or North Carolina?

5. Which is colder in winter: Oklahoma, Texas, Ohio, Virginia?

Why do you think so?

6. Why were Mr. Gordon and Mr. Spaulding good business men?

How can you train yourself to be a good business man or woman?

7. If you could choose a business, what would you select?



Alphonso Mitchell

May we introduce another young man? His name is Alphonso Mitchell. This is Alphonso's first Book Party but he seems friendly and happy. Do you want to know him better?

Alphonso lives with his grandfather and his grandmother. His mother lives with them, too. He has no brothers or sisters.

He works in the fields. He plows and hoes. He can do almost as much work as any man. His mother is not able to work. His grandparents are growing old. He likes to know that he is helping them.

Alphonso likes to read stories of forests

and animals. The story of Hiawatha is one that he enjoys very much.

Alphonso likes fun, also, though he finds little time for play. His favorite game is pitching horseshoes. How would you like to play a game with him? He says he plays a fair game.

When he becomes a man, Alphonso wants to be a doctor. He wants to help people who are ill or hurt. He thinks it would be the finest thing in the world to save some one's life.

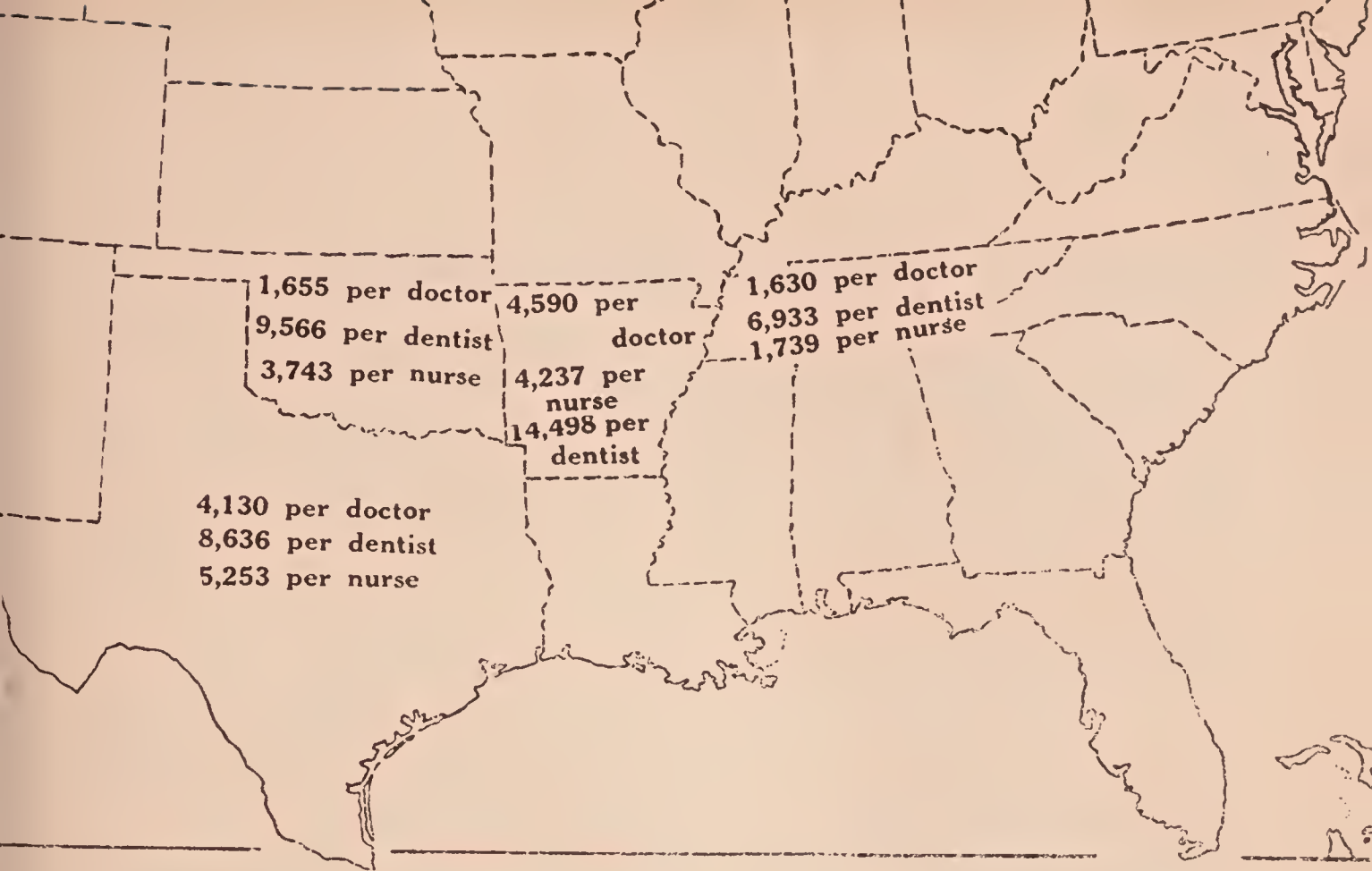
“I think one of the greatest acts of Booker T. Washington was his plan for Health Week,” says Alphonso. “This health program began at Tuskegee because Mr. Washington was interested in training his students to be clean and well. The idea has grown until now we have the National Negro

Health Movement. Under this Movement, the plan has developed into a year's program instead of only a week's program."

Alphonso has been studying about some of the fine doctors of his race. "There have been too many for me to speak of all," he tells his friends. "But there are not enough doctors for our people.

"Here are some facts that will surprise you. In Oklahoma there is an average of 1,655 Negroes for each race doctor. In Texas there are 4,130 people for each doctor. In Tennessee there are 1,630 people for every doctor. In Arkansas there are 4,590 persons for each doctor. Think of only one doctor for so many people! Conditions are even worse in Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

"As for dentists, there is one Negro dentist on an average for 9,566 of his race in



Oklahoma. In Texas there is one for 8,636 people; in Tennessee, one for 6,933; and in Arkansas, one for 14,498 people. Yes, indeed! Our race needs dentists as well as doctors.

“And just imagine one nurse trying to look after 3,743 sick persons in Oklahoma! In Texas there is one nurse for each 5,253 people; in Tennessee, one for each 1,739; and in Arkansas, one for each 4,237 people.

“Our race needs more men like Dr.

Augusta, the first Negro surgeon in the United States Army. We need more men like Charles B. Purvis who did so much to develop the medical school at Howard University in Washington, D. C.

“Of course a doctor must earn money. That is his way of making a living. But when I am a man, I will help all who need me. I will not wait to see if there is money to pay for my services. I will be a good doctor for the poor as well as for the rich.”

Alphonso likes to read about the doctors of his race. One that interests him very much is Daniel Hale Williams.

CAN YOU TELL?

1. Who is your family doctor?
2. How many colored doctors do you know?
3. When you have a toothache, what do you do?
4. Why are there so few Negro dentists?
5. Could a dentist make a living in your community? Why do you think so?
6. How many Negro nurses do you know?
7. How many people do you know, who are training themselves to be nurses or dentists?
8. Do you think there should be more Negro nurses, doctors, and dentists? Why?
9. Where is Chicago? Find it on a map.



Daniel Hale Williams

Many people in the United States were living in slavery when Daniel Hale Williams was born in 1858. Daniel was a Negro; but he was never a slave, because he lived in the North where there were no slaves. While he was still a small boy, the war for freedom was fought and the Negroes in the South were set free.

By the time he was twenty-one years of age, Daniel had finished high school and was beginning to study medicine.

Perhaps you are wondering how he could go to school. You know there were no schools in the South for colored people at that time. But in the North, Negro boys went to the same schools the white boys attended.

Daniel Hale Williams studied at Northwestern Medical School in Chicago. He graduated from there in 1883. At the age of twenty-five, he began to practice medicine.

Two years later, Dr. Williams had made such a fine name for himself that he was asked to go back to Northwestern Medical School as a teacher. He taught there during the next three years.

By that time the Negroes were all free. Many Negroes came North to live. They hoped to find better friends and easier work in the North. But they did not find many friends or much work. The weather was cold in the North. The Negroes did not have good homes. The changes in the climate and in their ways of living made many of them ill.

Dr. Williams was a true friend. He did all he could to help his people. He gave them

medicine. He helped them find work and food. But he soon learned that these poor Negroes needed doctors and nurses of their own race, who would love them and take good care of them.

He found several young men and women who wanted to become doctors and nurses. He said, "I will take you to the hospitals where you can be trained for this work."

But when he tried to enter them as students, Dr. Williams learned that the hospitals of Chicago would not let Negroes come there to study or to practice medicine and nursing.

He said, "No one can learn to do his work well without careful study and practice. To be a doc-



tor or a nurse is not easy. One drop of the wrong medicine, or one slip of a knife, may end a life. We must find a place where our men and women can train themselves for this work.”

He began to talk about this great need. Wherever he went, he talked about it.

A new idea grows slowly. Many people could not see why Dr. Williams wanted such an opportunity for colored men and women. They said, “We have white doctors and nurses. Let them take care of the Negroes who are sick or hurt.”

But Dr. Williams did not stop working. He talked to his friends. He talked to others who might be able to help. He wrote stories about these colored men and women who wanted to learn to be doctors and nurses. He wrote about the Negroes who were sick and

hurt in this land so different from their old homes in the South.

At last, because of Dr. Williams' work, a training school for Negroes was opened at Provident Hospital in Chicago. He spent many years working in this training school. He helped many young men and women learn to be good doctors and nurses.

Then Dr. Williams became surgeon-in-chief at Freedman's Hospital in Washington, D. C. In 1900 he held a clinic at the Meharry School of Medicine in Nashville, Tennessee. The clinic was such a success that he was asked to stay in Nashville and teach at Meharry. He did not feel that he could give up his work in Chicago and in Washington; but for many years he made regular visits to Meharry to help the school there.

While Dr. Williams was at Provident



Hospital in Chicago, a strange thing happened. Late one afternoon a young man was brought to him for treatment. The man had been stabbed over the heart. Dr. Williams dressed the wound and tried to make him comfortable.

Next morning the man was worse. Dr.

Williams examined the wound very carefully and found that the knife had cut into his heart.

He thought, "This is bad. No one has ever been able to save a man who was hurt like that. Other doctors say it is useless to try to mend a heart. If I sew the cut place together, the man may not live. Then the whole world will blame me for his death. If I do not operate, the man will surely die. What shall I do? Shall I stand here and let him die, or shall I operate and give him a chance to live?"

Then Dr. Williams did what only a brave person could do. He began to operate. He worked swiftly but with great care. The nurses he had trained in the hospital helped him. They thought, "It is of no use. The man can not live. Dr. Williams is brave to try

something no one else has ever done with success. It is like him to forget himself in working for another person. We will do all we can to help him.”

Perhaps the nurses and Dr. Williams prayed as they worked, for the man did not die. Before so very long, he was able to work again. Brave Dr. Williams had saved his life, and in doing this, he performed the *first successful operation ever made on a human heart!*

Newspapers carried the story of Dr. Daniel Hale Williams to all parts of the country. He was honored by many people, both black and white. He was invited to become a member of the American Medical Association and of several other prominent medical groups. He became a member of the State Board of Health in Illinois. He was sent

across the sea as a member of the Board of Appeals during the World War. He wrote many articles on surgery which were printed in the medical journals of our nation. He is listed in Who's Who in American Medicine.

Any boy or girl should be happy to say, "This man who did so much for his people and for the world is a member of my race. I am proud to follow such a brave leader as Dr. Daniel Hale Williams."

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

1. If you want to be a doctor or a nurse, where can you find a good place to train yourself for this work?

2. Tell at least two ways in which Dr. Williams helped his people?

3. Why did the nurses think it was of no use for Dr. Williams to operate upon the man's heart?

4. Why did the nurses help him so carefully?

5. How did Dr. Williams prove that he was unselfish?

6. How did he prove that he was brave?

7. You can not do what Dr. Williams did. How can you prove that you are unselfish? How can you prove that you are brave?



George Earl Wallace

Here is another guest at the Book Party. His name is George Earl Wallace. He is a fine young man who likes to be friendly and helpful.

How tall and straight he stands! You can tell by the way he looks into your eyes that he is honest.

George Earl lives with his mother. They have a small field. George Earl hoes cotton in the spring and summer. He picks cotton in the fall. He says he likes to work. His teacher has never heard him complain about having to work.

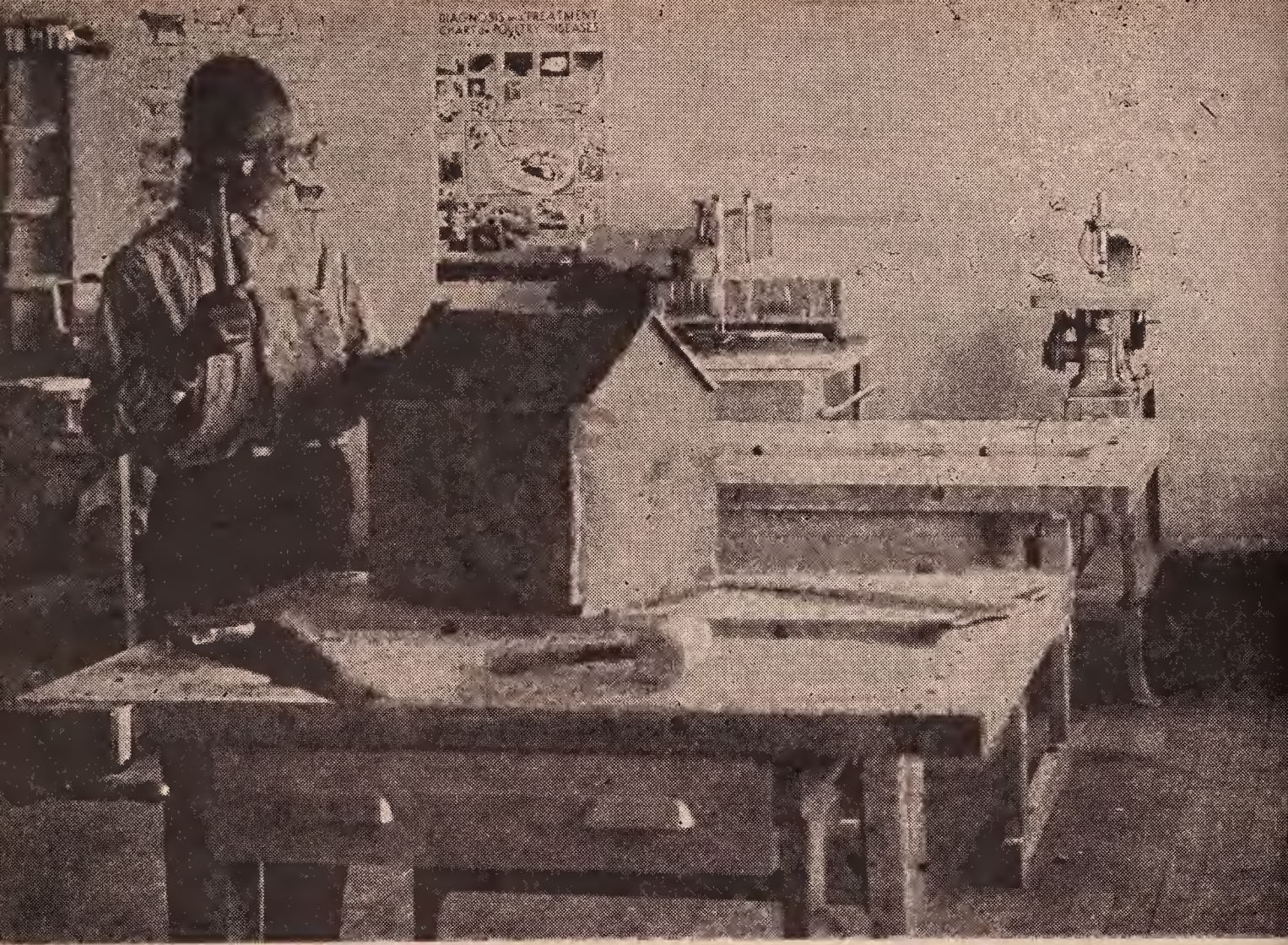
But George Earl likes to play, too. He

thinks it great fun to go on a fishing and swimming party. He likes to camp down by the river if he has a tent to keep wild animals and snakes away from his bed.

When this black boy becomes a man, he intends to build things. He does not know whether he will be a carpenter or a mechanic. He only knows that he must build something of which he and his people will be proud.

George Earl is interested in beautiful homes for colored people. He thinks the most beautiful houses are made of brick. He wants to build a brick house for his mother some day. He loves his mother dearly and he wants to make her comfortable and happy.

Just now, he is only a boy and can not build homes for people; so he builds houses for birds. It pleases him to see the birds liv-



ing in the houses he has made for them. If the birds could talk, no doubt they would say to him, "Thank you, George Earl, for the pretty cottages you have built for us."

George Earl is interested in a story his Book Friend told him about a man named Benjamin Banneker. It seems that Mr. Banneker was a builder, too.

Benjamin Banneker

Benjamin Banneker was a free Negro, born in Maryland, November 9, 1731. One of his grandmothers, Molly Welsh, was a white woman. She was sold to an American to pay her passage on the ship which brought her from England. She worked seven years for her master before she was free.

Benjamin's grandmother loved him dearly. She taught him to read when he was quite small. Her favorite book was the Bible. She taught Benjamin to love the Bible, too.

When Benjamin was old enough to go to school, he made good use of his time. While the other pupils were playing, he was studying. He was interested in many things. He studied carefully.

In the year 1770, Benjamin Banneker

built a clock. You think that was a simple thing to do? True, a great many people have built clocks. But this was a new kind of clock! People in those days were accustomed to telling time by sun dials and other kinds of clocks that would seem very queer to us to-day. Mr. Banneker's clock could strike the hours. It was the first clock made in America that could strike the hours.

Imagine how people felt when promptly on the hour they heard this unusual clock say, "One, two," or "One, two, three," or whatever the time might be.

Mr. Banneker had some strange habits. At night instead of going to bed, he wrapped himself in a great cloak and lay on the ground. He spent the night there studying the stars and other heavenly bodies. At sunrise, he went into the house and slept most of

the morning. But he did not need as much sleep as most of us. Each afternoon, he could be found working among the plants in his garden or orchard, or trimming his fruit trees, or watching his bees. His habit of sleeping all morning did not mean that he was lazy.

As a result of his study of the stars, and with the encouragement of Mr. George Ellicott, a white man who gave him many books and useful instruments with which to work, Mr. Banneker became one of the first Americans to publish an almanac. In his almanac, he not only printed calendars to tell the days and weeks and months; but he predicted weather conditions,



also. He was able to predict whether the winter would be cold or mild; if the summer would be hot and dry or rainy and cooler. He could even predict when there would be an eclipse of the sun or moon.

Do you like arithmetic? Mr. Banneker enjoyed arithmetic as much as most men enjoy a baseball game. His friends often sent him the most difficult problems they could find, just for fun. It is said that he never failed to solve them.

But Mr. Banneker studied mathematics with a purpose. It helped him make his clock and his almanac. It helped him learn to measure large sections of land, to locate the best places for roads and bridges. It helped him to be what is called a surveyor.

Some of the most prominent people in the United States asked Mr. Banneker's help



Underwood and Underwood

in surveying. He was a member of the committee that surveyed and planned our most important city, Washington, D. C. It is one of the most beautiful, and perhaps the best planned city in America. Does it not make you happy to know that a Negro helped plan our own National Capital?

George Earl Wallace will tell you, “My people love beauty. We love beautiful music, poetry and paintings. We love beautiful forests, rivers and parks. We love beautiful

cities and wide, paved streets. And we love beautiful homes! I am glad a member of my race had a part in planning our most beautiful city.”

While Mr. Banneker was making clocks, studying the stars, surveying, and helping build beautiful cities, the terrible war was fought. Good, strong men were killed. Homes were destroyed. Animals and food were stolen. Women and children suffered from cold and hunger.

Mr. Banneker saw the terrible results of the war. He said, “Why do men fight each other like beasts? Why must little children suffer? What do people ever gain by war?”

He read from his beloved Bible, “Jesus came into the world, not to destroy men’s lives, but to save them.” He thought, “Surely there must be some way to stop God’s chil-

dren from killing one another.” And he began to work upon a plan to end all war.

Have you watched soldiers marching? Do they not look fine in their clean, new uniforms? When the band plays a stirring march and the soldiers come tramping down the street, do you feel something in your throat that makes you want to fall in line and step to the music with them? Mr. Banneker thought that the army bands and the fine clothes our soldiers wear make young people believe war is a glorious thing. He said, “If there were no attractive uniforms and no stirring music and beating of drums, war would not seem so interesting.”

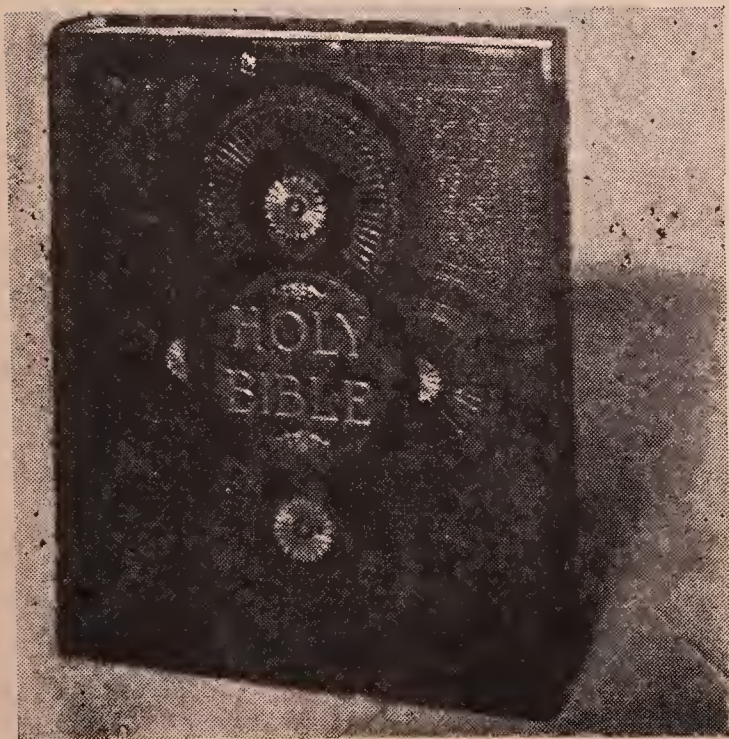
Mr. Banneker suggested that all spears and swords and guns be made into plows and other farming tools. He said, “Let these weapons of war be used to dig the soil and

help raise food for the children who have lost their fathers and their homes.”

The people who heard of Mr. Banneker and his plan said, “Yes, it would be well to use these weapons for farm tools. We should not make war so interesting for our young people.” Then they put their guns and swords in special show-cases in museums and in other public places so the world could see how brave our soldiers had been. They did nothing about making them into farm tools.

Mr. Banneker continued to study and plan. At last he found a way which he thought

would put an end to war. He said, “We have a Secretary of War in the President’s Cabinet. Is not peace more important than



war? Let us have a Secretary of Peace in the President's Cabinet, also! Let this Secretary of Peace be a real Christian. Give him power to build free schools and to see that the teachers train our children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Make it his business to teach boys and girls how to cultivate peace, and not only to forgive, but to love their enemies. Last, but not least, let him put the Holy Bible in every American home and teach all members of the family to read it!"

* * * *

George Earl thinks Mr. Banneker's plan was a good one. What do you think?



Lois Simmons

Another guest at our Book Party is Lois Simmons. You will want to know Lois better. She is a good girl. She is clean and friendly. She obeys

her parents and her teachers cheerfully. She likes to make other people happy.

Lois and Opal Bell, the girl who likes to go to church, are good friends. They are of nearly the same size and age. They go to the same school.

Lois's father lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma. She stays with him during the summer. She lives with her grandfather and grandmother during the winter so that she can go to school

at Dunbar with her friends. Lois likes to live with her grandparents. Of course, she enjoys living with her father, too. She says, "It is nice to have two good homes."

For exercise and fun, Lois enjoys jumping the rope. She thinks it is the best game in the world. It makes her body strong and healthy.

Lois wants to be a musician. She thinks it would be wonderful to play the violin and the piano. She is interested in many things. But her real work, when she grows to be a woman, is to be teaching.

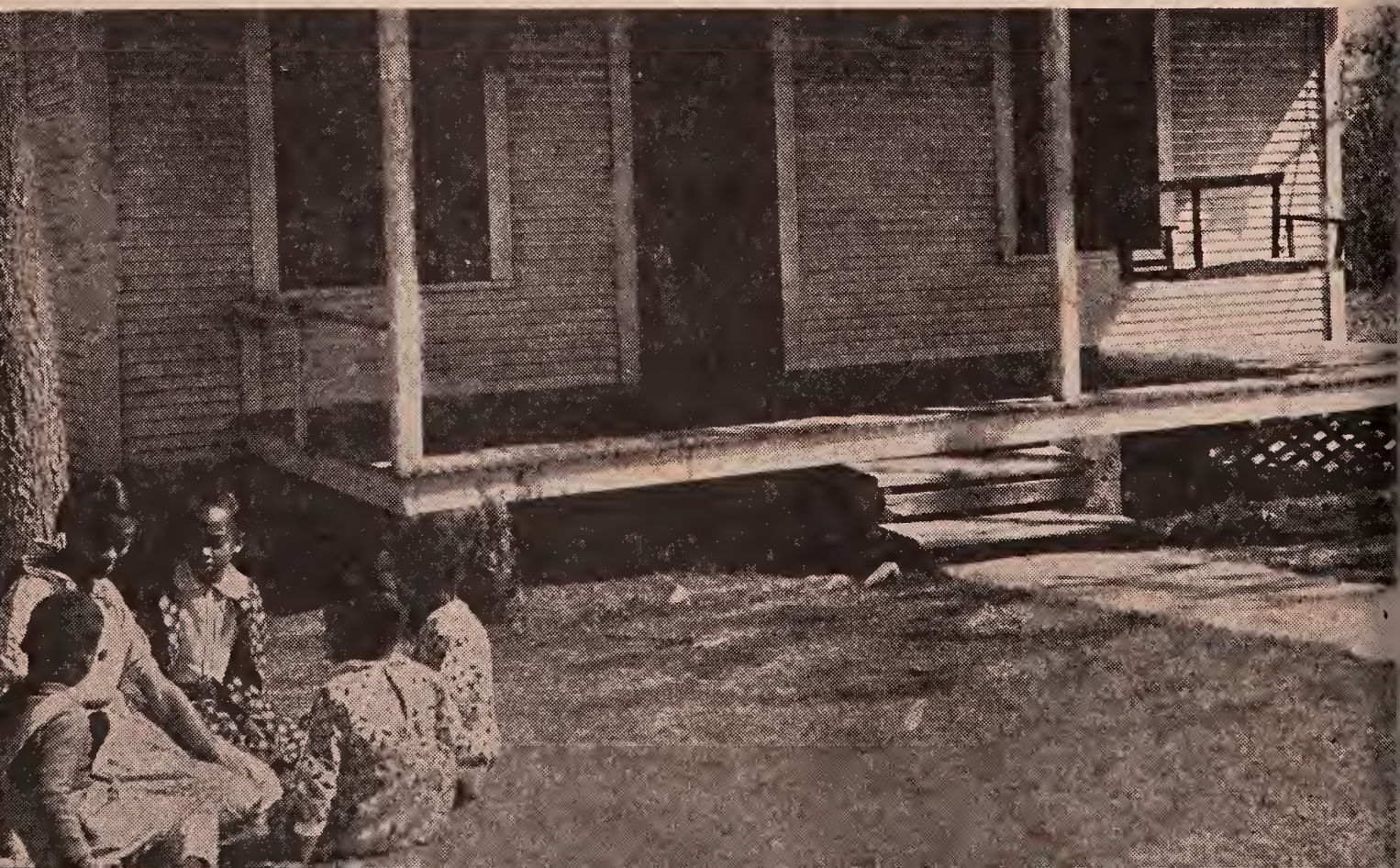
She wants to teach the primary grades because she loves little children. "It is fun to play with them and to help them make toys," she says.

The little folks who live near Lois's grandmother are always glad when their

young friend comes back from Tulsa.

One day Opal Bell and Lois were talking. Opal said, "Oh, how I wish I could have heard Sojourner Truth just once! She must have been a wonderful woman. Why did all the great women live so long ago, I wonder?"

"There are great women living today," answered Lois. "The Book Friend told me about one yesterday. I saw her picture. When I am older I shall try to be as much like her as I can."



“Who is this woman?” asked Opal Bell.

“Her family and friends call her Mary,” replied Lois. “Shall I tell you the story as the Book Friend told it to me?”

“Yes, yes!” cried Opal. “I want to hear about this great woman who lives today.”

“Then close your eyes and sit quite still while I think through the story,” suggested Lois. “I do not want to forget any part of it. Are you ready?”

“Yes,” laughed Opal Bell. “This is a new way to prepare for a story; but my eyes are closed and I am ready to be still.”

And so, the two girls sat still with their eyes closed as



Lois tried to remember the story. You might have thought them asleep if you had not seen the smile on Lois's face.

After a long time, she said, "I think I remember the whole story, Opal."

Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune

On a farm in South Carolina, where the sun is so hot that it burns the clouds until they cry out and mingle their tears with the sweat of the weary workers in the rice and cotton fields, Mary spent her childhood.

Her father and mother had been slaves before the War. Now they were working hard, trying to make a living for their seventeen children. It was no easy task.

In a family so large, it becomes necessary for some of the children to help the parents carry the heavy burden. No two people can very well make a living for seventeen children. When Mary was only a small child, she seemed to understand and to try to do more than her share of the work.

She was neat and quick. She was careful

and always cheerful. Her great love for her family helped her forget every tired and selfish thought. She was always ready to help make them comfortable and happy.

Yes, Mary was a willing worker. She did not complain over the hard tasks that kept her busy through the long, long hours of every day. Deep down in her heart she longed for a chance to go to school. But until she was eleven years old, there was no school near enough for her to attend.

Then a wonderful thing happened. News came that the Presbyterian Church was sending a young woman to teach a school only four miles from the little cabin in which Mary lived. Four miles! In a land of



narrow muddy roads and no cars! Yet Mary was happy. She took her small lunch pail and off she went to walk those four miles to school every day.

Mary was one of Miss Wilson's best pupils. She worked so faithfully that she won a scholarship which sent her to a larger school called the Scotia Seminary. It was far away from her little home in South Carolina.

When the day came for Mary to go to Scotia Seminary she was happy and sad at the same time. Her teacher had been kind to her. She appreciated the kindness. She was happy because of the chance to earn a better education. But it is sad to say good-bye to home and friends. Mary had never been away from her dear family. Is it any wonder that when the train which was to

take her on her first ride arrived, there were tears in her eyes?

When Mary arrived at the new school she was so kind and good natured, so bright and eager to learn, that she soon won the hearts of her classmates and teachers. She studied so carefully, and did her work so well, that she won another scholarship which sent her to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

Oh, how she loved to study the Bible! She had always hoped that some day she might go as a missionary to Africa. Like the Mary she so often read about in her beloved Bible her greatest joy was to "sit at Jesus' feet and hear His Word." She felt a great longing to carry that Word



to her cousins across the sea on the Dark Continent.

After she had finished her school work at the Moody Bible Institute, she went to the Board of Missions and asked to be sent to Africa. They could not send her. Mary was disappointed, but in her cheerful, Christian way she continued to study her Bible and to try to find the work that she felt was waiting for her somewhere in the world.

For several years she taught school in the South. When the school day was over and her children had gone, what do you think their teacher did? Do you think she went home to rest? Indeed not! She did not stop her work at four o'clock. She did not stop even on Saturday and Sunday.

Like a true missionary and a great teacher, she gathered the children from the

streets and from the cabins along the way, and took them to Sunday School with her. But that was not all. When her work with the children was done, she tried to help the older people. She even went to jails to talk and read and sing and pray with the prisoners. She helped many of them.

But though she accomplished much good, this woman was not satisfied. She felt there was something more she must do. She had seen a great need for a school that would train Negro girls to be honest, capable, refined women. For years she had wanted to start such a school for girls. But she had no money. How could she begin a school without money?

She decided to go to Daytona, Florida. When she arrived she had one dollar and fifty cents. That was all. She had no house,

no food, no furniture, and no students. How could any one begin a school with none of these?

But wait! One thing more Mary had! How could that be overlooked? It was a treasure greater than all the money in Florida. Jesus spoke of it in St. Matthew when he said:

“Martha, Martha, thou art troubled and careful about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.”

Like the Mary of whom Jesus spoke, Mrs. Bethune had the will to work and to serve her people. She had also that which “is needful”—FAITH.

This faith led her to the door of a



friend who gave her food and a bed. It took her to a little room which she was able to rent on credit. It was with her when she made furniture from boxes the merchants had given her. It remained while she set her house in order for the beginning of her great dream.

Faith sent the tones of her little bell to the ears of five girls who came to school that first morning. It shone in her face as she read to them from the Bible and sang with them. It reached out, when she offered a gentle prayer, and helped them to see something of the goodness and the love that lay in the heart of this great teacher.



Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune

(99)



And so, the new school for girls began.

Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, whose faith and dreams made it possible, has served as its president for more than thirty years. She is known throughout the United States for her wonderful work. She has been honored by many groups, both white and black. At the annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in St. Louis, 1933, she was given the Spingarn Medal. This Medal is presented each year to the Negro who has been of most service to the race.

The Bethune-Cookman College has grown from five, to more than five hundred students. It has more than forty teachers. Mrs. Bethune wants her college to be a good school rather than a big one. In it, she wants to develop Christian character, race leader-

ship, and good-will between the black and white races.

What do you suppose Mrs. Bethune named her first college building? She called it Faith Hall!

This is White Hall, the Administration Building, at Bethune-Cookman College.

By permission of Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach, Fla.



Now, this school which started with faith and \$1.50 has more than two hundred acres of land. Thirty-two acres of this land are the campus on which fifteen beautiful buildings stand. Flowers and moss-covered trees make the campus a delightful place on which to stroll or study.

In 1936, the United States government asked Mrs. Bethune to help in the National Youth Movement. On January 6, 1937, she called a meeting of many leaders of the Negro race from all parts of the country. They met in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Roose-

Acme News Pictures, Inc.



velt, the wife of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, came to the meeting to talk with Mrs. Bethune and her friends. Many other prominent people came, also.

They talked about farm problems, labor unions, schools, anti-lynching laws, health, and better homes for Negroes. They worked together for several days making plans that they hoped would help the Negroes of America.

Mrs. Bethune is a busy, useful citizen. If this great teacher and friend of mankind still wants to go to Africa, she says little about it. She has found missionary work to do in her own country, America.



Crispus Attucks

One day Talbert, Leslie, Opal, and Lois were talking together. Alphonso leaped into the group shouting, "Hurrah! Tomorrow is Thanksgiving! I am going to celebrate in a big way. Hurrah!

Hurrah!"

"You sound more like the Fourth of July," laughed Talbert.

"What does the Fourth of July mean to you?" asked the Book Friend who was standing near.

"Oh, we shoot firecrackers and have picnics," said one of the girls.

“It is Independence Day,” answered Alphonso. “We celebrate our freedom on the Fourth of July.”

“I thought you had another day on which you celebrate your freedom,” said the Book Friend.

“We have Emancipation Day in Texas on June the nineteenth,” said Opal Bell.

“We have Emancipation Day on August the fourth in Oklahoma,” explained one of the boys.

“Why do you celebrate Emancipation on different days in Texas and in Oklahoma?” inquired the Book Friend.

Lois answered, “I have been told that each state celebrates the day on which its people first learned that the slaves were free. The crops were laid by earlier in Texas than in Oklahoma; therefore the people in Texas,

heard the news sooner."

"Really, I can't see why you celebrate the Fourth of July at all," remarked the Book Friend. "The Negroes were not free until almost eighty years after the end of the Revolutionary War and the Declaration of Independence."

Opal Bell replied, "Grandfather says that the freedom our country won in the Revolutionary War was the first step in the freedom of the slaves within our country. He thinks the citizens began to realize that it is no more right for one man to own another man than for one country to own another country."

Talbert spoke quickly, "Did you not know that the first person to lose his life in the War for Independence was a Negro? His name was Crispus Attucks!"



“Crispus Attucks!” said the Book Friend slowly. “The name is new to me. I have never heard it before. Who was Crispus Attucks?”

Talbert said, “It makes me very proud to tell the story of this black man.

“The first record we have of Crispus Attucks appeared in one of the Boston papers, October 2, 1750. It was an advertisement in which William Brown promised to pay for

the return of his runaway slave. It described the slave as about twenty-seven years of age, six feet and two inches tall, named Crispus.

“No one seems to know where Crispus lived during the next twenty years after he ran away from Mr. Brown. Perhaps he was in Boston. It is certain that Mr. Brown did not find him.

“During those twenty years this black man learned the full meaning of freedom, not only for himself and his race, but for the nation. He talked with his friends and neighbors. He learned about the British laws, the unjust taxes, and the plans to control America. He saw the soldiers who had been sent here to collect those taxes. For days and days, he watched those British soldiers marching through the streets of his beloved Boston, carrying guns and threatening the people.

“Then one Friday, Crispus saw those same soldiers strike down some men who were working peacefully in the streets. The next evening Crispus Attucks was talking with a group of men and boys. As they stood quietly on the ice-covered street, the British soldiers came parading by, boasting and threatening with their guns and swords.

“Some of the men on the street cried, ‘Fire your guns! Fire! Fire, if you dare! Fire, cowards!’ Soon every one was shouting, ‘Fire! Fire!’ Suddenly a bell on King Street began to ring. Many people thought there was a fire. Out into the snowy street they rushed, to see what was burning. But there was neither fire nor smoke.

“As the crowd walked down King Street they were stopped by a British sentry. ‘Who goes there?’ he called, and pointed his sword

at them.

“This made the people very angry. Those behind pushed those in front, trying to see what was happening. The main guard of the British swarmed into the streets with guns loaded and ready to shoot. The red coats of the British looked like blood against the white background of snow.

“This was more than the people could bear. A commanding figure, six feet and two inches tall, picked up a snowball and led the attack shouting, ‘The way to get rid of these soldiers is to attack the main guard; strike at the root; this is the nest!’ He threw the snowball. Others threw stones, or snow, or anything they could pick up. One struck a soldier’s gun. He leveled it and fired into the crowd of angry citizens.

“A man fell, bleeding and dying. It was

Crispus Attucks, who loved his country so much that he could not bear to see British soldiers mistreat American citizens—Crispus Attucks, the Negro who went forth not only to fight for his liberty, but to give his life for American liberty.”

* *

“I am beginning to see why you feel that Negroes should have a part in the celebration of Independence Day,” said the Book Friend. “That is a very interesting story. It is strange that I had never heard of Crispus Attucks before. Are you sure the story is true?”

“Oh, yes! The story is true,” answered Leslie. “Four other people were killed in the streets that night. Several more were hurt.”

“When did all this happen?” asked the Book Friend, still not satisfied.

Talbert drew himself up to his full height and said, "It was on March 5, 1770."

"But that is the date of the Boston Massacre!" exclaimed the Book Friend. "Crispus Attucks had nothing to do with the Boston Massacre."

"Crispus Attucks is the man who led the Americans in the Boston Massacre," replied Talbert. "Our books do not tell much of him. Most of them do not even mention him. They say the Boston Massacre was started by a group of hot-headed boys and men who lost their tempers. I think these men were loyal Americans who understood that their coun-





try must fight for its freedom from Great Britain. They could not stand idly by and see British soldiers take charge of their country.”

“There is a monument in Boston which you must see some day,” continued Talbert. “It is called the Boston Massacre Monument. It stands there in honor of Crispus Attucks and those other brave men who fell defending their rights as citizens. The name at the top of the list reminds us that a Negro was the first to give his life in the struggle to free America from the British. These words, spoken by John Adams are inscribed on the monument:

“ ‘On that night the foundation of American independence was laid.’ ”

“Yes, we have a right to celebrate American Independence Day,” said Leslie. “Every

northern colony had its Negro troops during the Revolution. They were not separate troops. They were scattered throughout all the white organizations of the army. At first, only free Negroes could join the army; but before the end of the war, Negroes were not only permitted to join, they were bought from their masters and sent into the army with a promise of freedom and fifty dollars at the close of their service."

"That is right," agreed Talbert. "Crispus Attucks was not the only Negro who proved his bravery and loyalty during those trying days."

"Goodness me!" cried Alphonso. "I did not know that the Fourth of July means so much to us. I thought it was just a time to have fun and to make a big noise. I believe I should like to find a book and read more

about our Independence Day. I wonder if I can find one that tells about Crispus Attucks and some of those other brave Negro Americans."

And Alphonso went into the library.

Beauty

Sometimes, when we are sad, we can help ourselves by looking for the beauty that lies all around us. Do you ever stop to think how many beautiful sights and sounds you see and hear every day of your life?

One day when Opal was feeling lonely and wishing to see her mother, Lois said, "Oh, see those flowers with dew on them! What a fresh, lovely color they have!"

As the girls walked nearer the flowers, the sweet scent of honeysuckle came to them. Opal drew a deep breath. "I love to smell honeysuckle," she said.



Just then a mocking bird began to sing in the big oak tree. The girls stopped to listen.

By the time his song was finished, Opal had forgotten that she was lonely. They talked of the rainbow they had seen the day before; of how the raindrops sparkled as they fell in the sunshine; of how green and delicate the grass looked after the shower; and of how homelike and 'soothing' it had seemed when they heard Opal's grandmother singing a lullaby as she rocked her neigh-



bor's baby to sleep.

"The world is full of beauty," said Lois.

"But often we do not see it," added Opal Bell.

"How true!" said the Book Friend who had walked down the street to meet Lois and Opal. "And we must remember that there are beautiful thoughts and acts as well as beautiful sights and sounds and scents."

"I had not thought of that," exclaimed Opal. "Thinking beautiful thoughts and doing beautiful deeds must be more important than seeing or hearing or smelling beautiful things."

"That is right," smiled the Book Friend. "And that is why your race has very special gifts for the world. Why, you know how to pray with your feet! You can lift a load of sorrow from the soul with your lovely songs.

You have a feeling for harmony of color and form that helps you see beauty in the common things around you.

“Cultivate your great gift. Help the world to rise above its earth-woes!”

Henry O. Tanner

“Some day, I will be a great artist!”

A little Negro boy, standing in one of Pennsylvania's beautiful parks amid the green spreading trees and gay-colored blossoms, spoke those words. There was a great light in his dark eyes. His all-too-slender body trembled with excitement, and his thin hands clasped themselves together as if in prayer.

Little Henry and his father, Bishop Benjamin Tanner, had gone for a walk that day. Henry was not very strong and his father thought the sunshine and fresh air would be good for him.

As they walked along the winding paths that led from one beautiful scene to another, each more lovely than the last, Bishop Tan-

ner told his son Bible stories. Henry always enjoyed these stories when his father told them. He was especially fond of "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Three Marys," and the "Flight into Egypt."

When a story was finished, they were often silent for a long time. Together, father and son stood hand in hand breathing the sweet scents of the blossoms, and looking their fill at nature's wonderful pictures.

Today Bishop Tanner had told Henry the story of the two Disciples who went on a journey a short time after Jesus was crucified. "As the Disciples walked along the road, Jesus came and walked with them. But they did not know Him. They took Jesus into their home and gave Him food. Jesus took the bread, blessed it, broke it, and gave them

some of it. Then they knew Him!"

It was a story that Henry loved. He moved slowly, with bowed head, and thought of that walk with the Master.

Suddenly, in the silence and the beauty of the park, father and son came upon an artist painting. With palette in one hand and brush in the other, she was adding the finishing touches to her picture. From where he stood, Henry could see the canvas on the easel. He could see the scene ahead, also.

"Father," he whispered as if afraid he might awake from a dream, "what is that?"

Underwood and Underwood



“It is an artist,” said Henry’s father. “She is painting a picture of the beautiful scene over there in the park. See how she touches the paint on her palette? Then she adds a line here and there with her brush, and steps back to see how it looks.”

“Can she make pictures of animals and meadows and people, too?” asked Henry as he watched the artist.

“A good artist can put what he sees on canvas,” said the father. “Some of our artists can paint more than they see. They can picture what they think and feel, also. But only a truly great artist can do that.”

It was at this moment that Henry said, “Some day, I am going to be a great artist!” His father smiled. Little did he understand how truly the lad spoke.

After a time, the artist finished her work

and left the park. Henry and his father went home. The father thought no more of what his son had said. But Henry did not forget.

Later, when Henry cut up the kitchen awning for a canvas, and tore the back from his geography for a palette, Bishop Tanner remembered. Instead of scolding, he gave Henry a few cents and told him to buy some pretty colors. But that was because he was a good father and a kind man, not because he understood that Henry was to be a great artist.

From that day, Henry worked and studied to be a great artist. Something in his



heart told him that he had been born to paint pictures.

But he was growing up. His father was not a wealthy man. Henry must earn a living. Who ever heard of a Negro that made a living in America as an artist? He tried to sell some pictures. No one seemed to want them.

Finally, Henry took a job in a flour mill. But his health had never been good. He had to work in the heat and the dust all day. There was no time to paint, or even to think of Nature's beautiful scenes. He became too ill to work in the flour mill.

Later, he tried to earn a living as teacher at Clark University in Atlanta, Georgia. He did other kinds of work in Atlanta. But he could not be successful or happy unless he was painting.

At last some white artists in Pennsylvania saw Henry's pictures. They thought his work was good. They helped him arrange an exhibit in Cincinnati, Ohio. He sold some pictures. When he learned that one picture for which he received fifteen dollars, was sold at once for two-hundred-fifty dollars, Henry felt as if he had not been treated well. He sold as many pictures as he could and left America.

Across the sea in Paris, France, he studied with the finest teachers he could find. He wanted to enter a contest and try to win a prize which would make it possible for him to continue his study. But the contests were held on Sunday. Henry remembered the teachings of his good father. He thought perhaps it would not be right to enter a contest on Sunday. But at last he arranged to do his

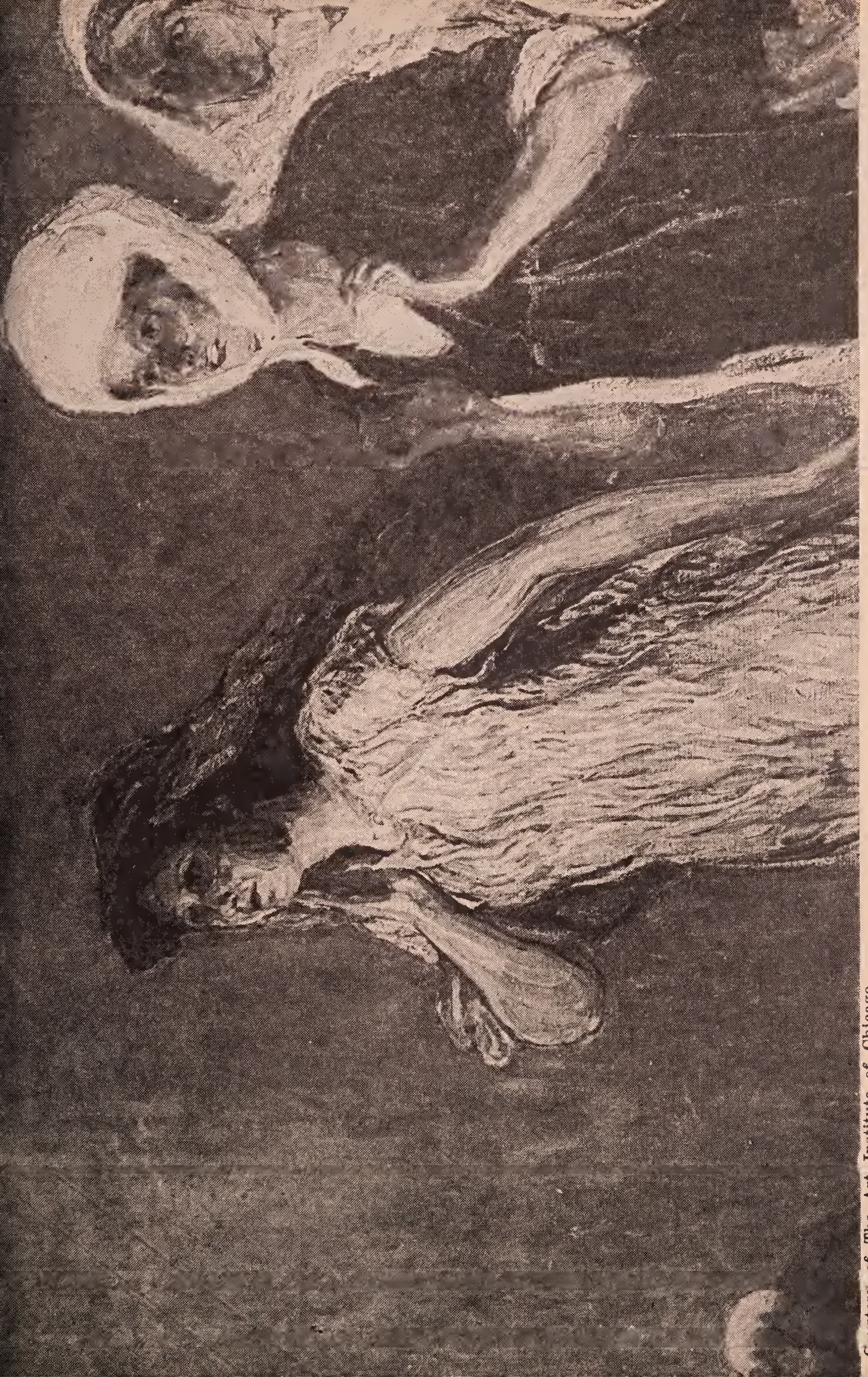
work on Monday and entered the contest.

He said to himself, "I am not a great artist yet. I shall not try to win the first prize. I shall try for the last one. Next time I shall try for a higher prize. I shall continue trying to make my work better until I am ready to try for first prize."

And that is just what he did.

Most of Mr. Tanner's pictures show scenes from the Bible. As a boy, he was taught to study the Bible. His father's stories had made a deep and lasting impression upon the young boy. No doubt his early training helped him to make some of the lovely paintings for which he is famous.

A rich man in Philadelphia became interested in Mr. Tanner's Bible paintings, and gave him money to take a trip to Palestine, the country in which Jesus lived and worked.



Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago

The Three Marys at the Tomb of Jesus, by Henry O. Tanner

This was a great help to Mr. Tanner. While he was in Palestine, he learned that the French government had bought one of his pictures called "The Raising of Lazarus."

Other countries saw that Henry O. Tanner was a fine artist. Now his pictures are shown in the famous art exhibits of a great many countries of the world.

The "Disciples of Emmaus" and "The Annunciation" hang in the Luxembourg; "The Raising of Lazarus" is on exhibit in the Louvre.

In our own country, "Judas" is at the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh; "Nicodemus" won the Walter Lippincott prize in 1900 and was bought by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; "The Three Marys" is at the Chicago Art Institute; "The Disciples at the Tomb" won the N. W. Harris prize in

1906 as the best painting at the annual exhibit of American painters at the Chicago Art Institute, and is there now; "Sodom and Gomorrah" is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

America had not encouraged Mr. Tanner; so he did not return here to live. He did come back several times; and he won many honors here because of his pictures. Although he did not live in America, he was loyal to his native land. During the World War he served eighteen months on the field of battle with the American Red Cross.

In June, 1937, Mr. Tanner passed from this life at his home in Paris. He had not visited the United States for about fifteen years; but he was still a citizen of this country. The whole world was sad because of his death. Many people said, "We are proud of

the man who heard and answered the call of his heart in the park that day—the call that brought the words, ‘Some day I am going to be a great artist!’ ”

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

1. What is the most beautiful thing you know about?

2. What are you doing to make the world more beautiful?

3. Which do you think more beautiful: a person with fine clothes? a person with a kind heart?

4. If you could be an artist, what kind of pictures would you paint?

5. What special gifts did the Book Friend say Negroes have? Was she right or wrong?

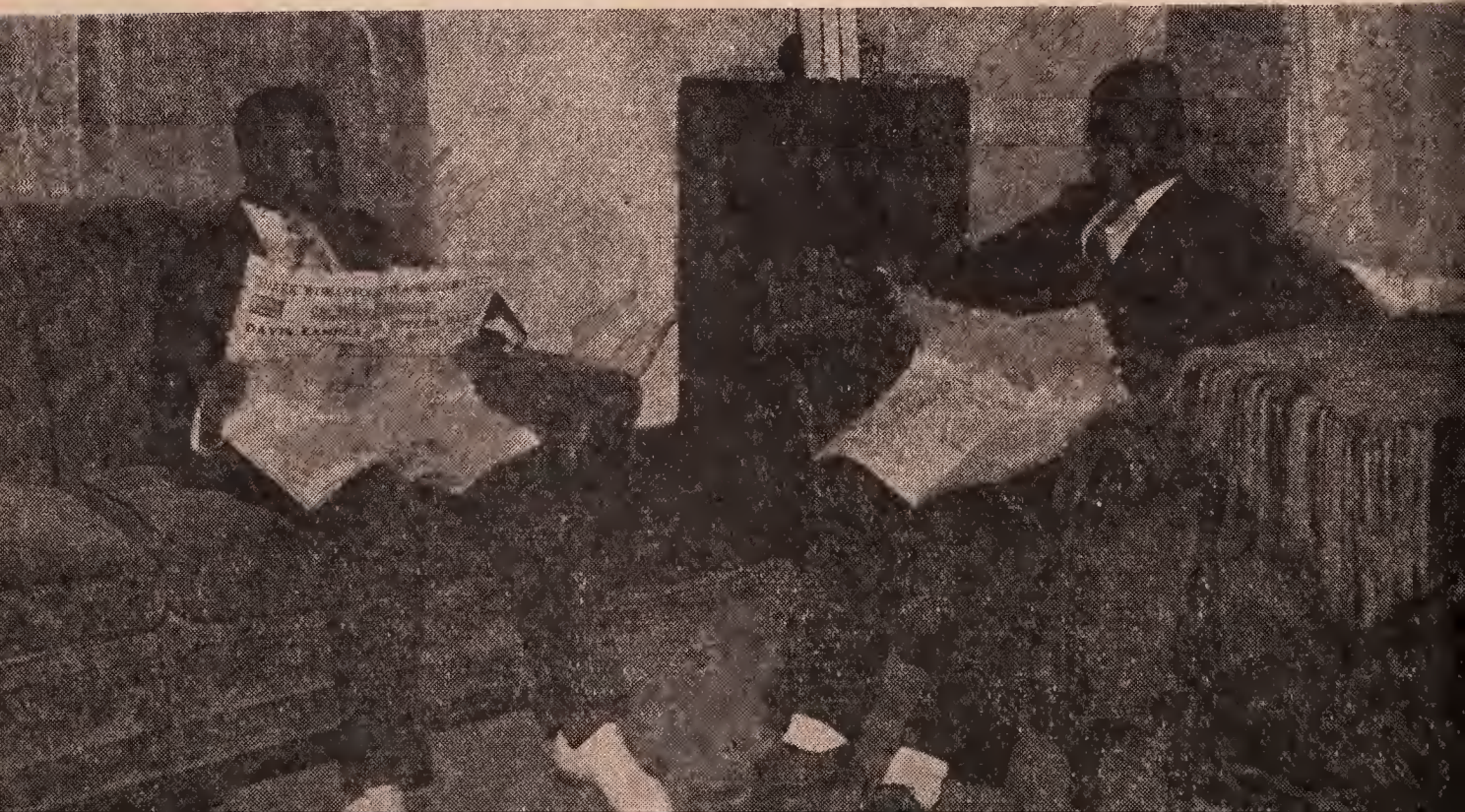
6. What special gift do you have for the world? What do you expect to do with this gift?

Rain at Night

"Was that thunder?" asked Leslie one night after dinner as he and Talbert sat reading the newspapers.

Talbert was busy reading and did not answer.

Leslie heard the sound again. "Oh, me!" he complained. "I do hope it will not rain tonight. Our ball team is going to play a game with the sixth grade tomorrow. If it rains tonight our plans will be spoiled."



“You should live in Lima,” said Talbert.
“It scarcely ever rains there.”

“Where is Lima?” asked Leslie.

“It is a city in South America,” answered Talbert. “I was reading a story in the paper about a boy who was born in Lima. When he was eight years old, his mother brought him to this country for a visit.

“One morning when the boy awoke, he heard strange sounds. He ran to the window and looked out. Water was streaming from the roof! It was a queer sight to him. Can you imagine how it would be to see rain for the first time? What would you think?

“This boy listened to the drops as they pattered on the roof. ‘The house is on fire!’ he thought. He raised the window; but instead of smoke, it was water that came rushing in at him. It made him wet and cold.

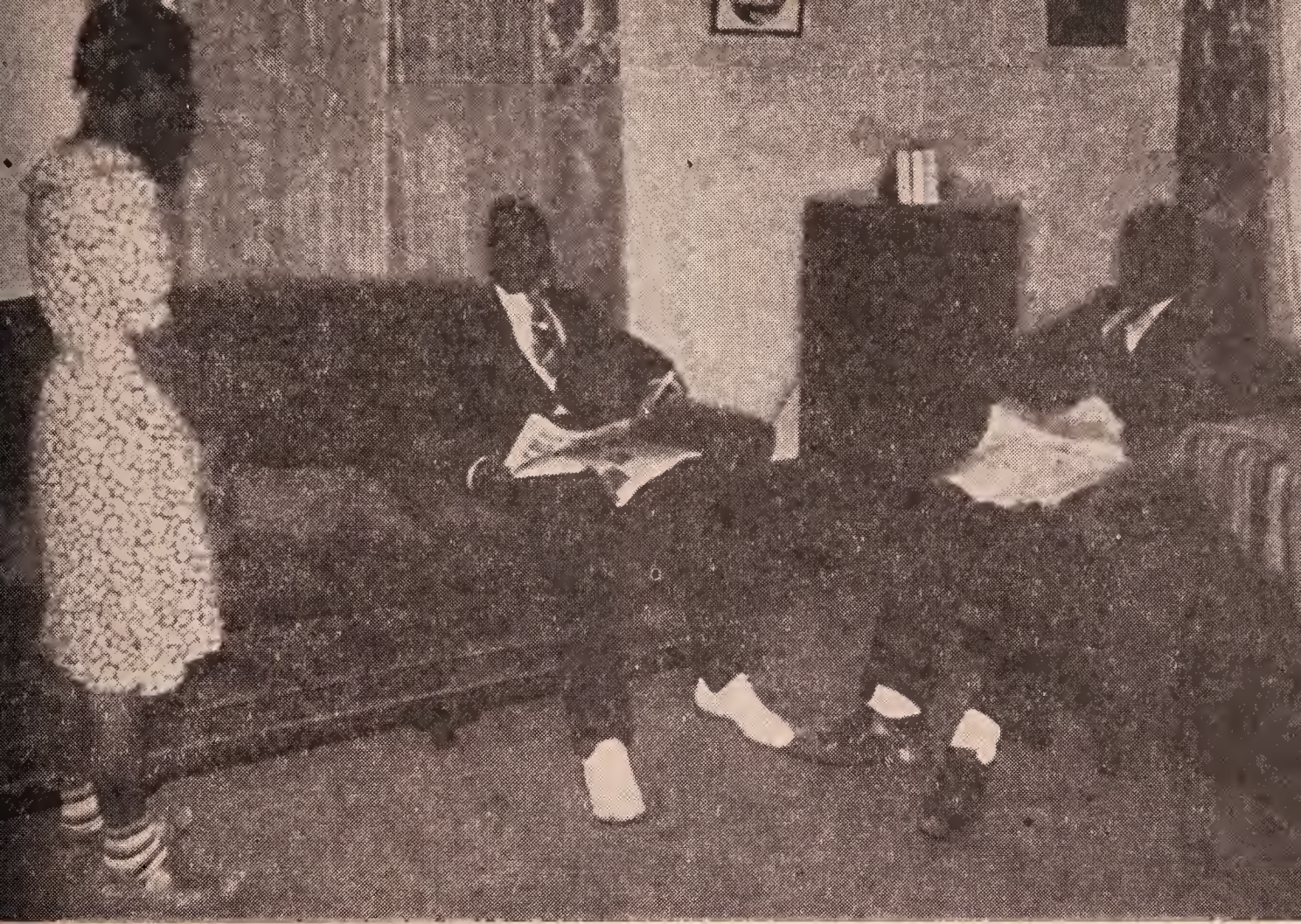
“His mother was still sleeping in her warm bed. The boy ran to her and called, ‘Mother! Mother, wake up! The house is on fire! Hear the firemen pouring water on the roof?’

“His mother sat up in bed quickly. She looked out of the window. She saw the clouds and the falling water. Just then there came a loud clap of thunder.

“‘Oh, goodness me, it is an earthquake!’ cried the frightened boy. ‘What shall we do?’

“‘Do not be afraid,’ said his mother. ‘The house is not on fire. There is no earthquake. The noise you just heard is called thunder. Thunder does not hurt any one. The water you see is not being poured on the roof by men. It is rain!’”

Leslie laughed, “That is a funny story. Is it really true?”



“Well,” replied Talbert, “I read it in the newspaper. Here it is. You may read it for yourself.”

At that moment Lois came into the room.

Leslie called, “Come and sit down, Lois. Talbert has just read an interesting story in the newspaper about a little boy who thought the house was on fire when he saw his first rain. What do you think of that?”

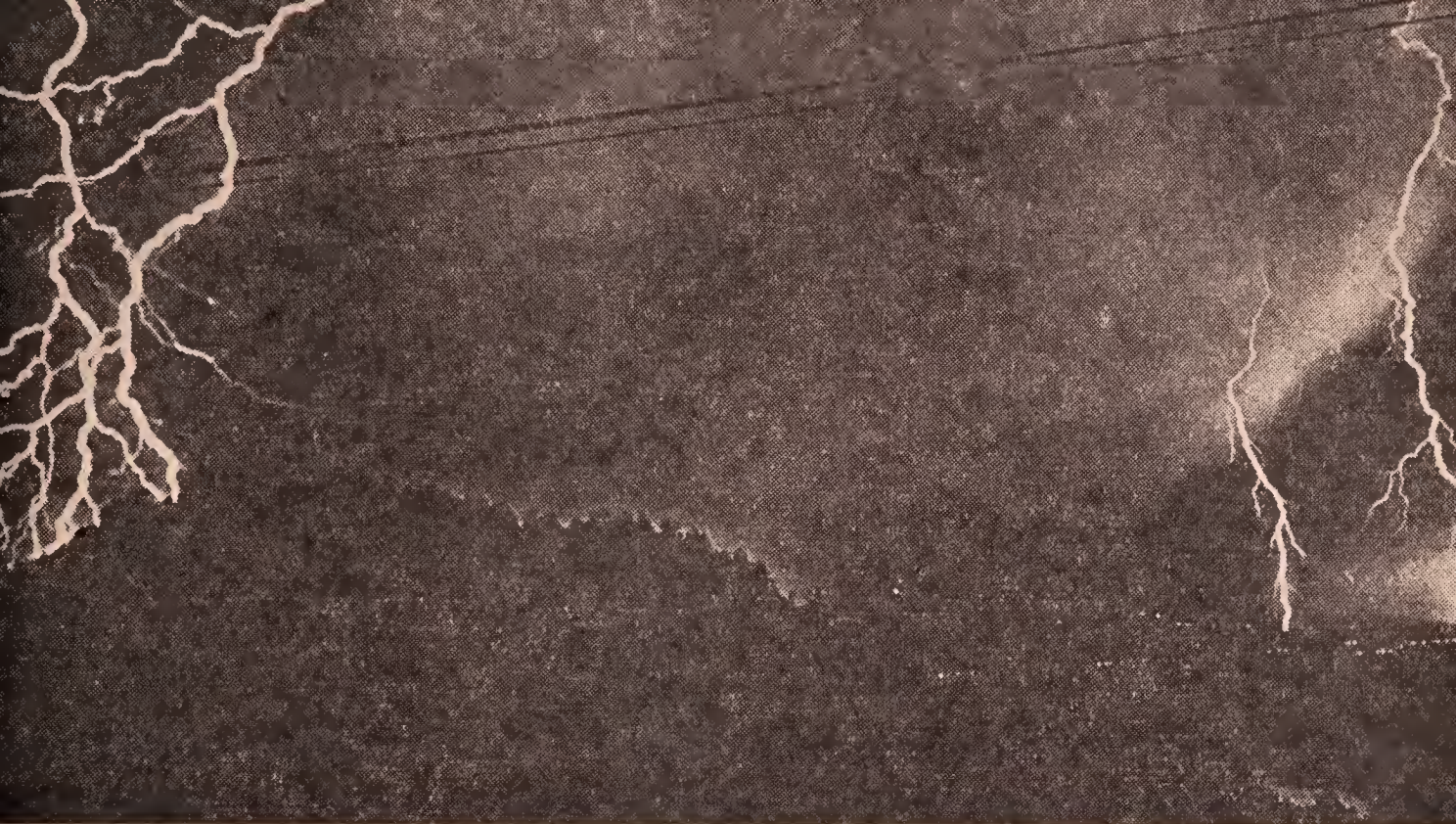
But before Lois could answer, another loud clap of thunder roared out. Leslie frowned as he remembered the ball game he wanted to play tomorrow.

“Leslie doesn’t want it to rain tonight,” Talbert told Lois. “Just look at that frown on his face.”

“My grandmother told me a beautiful story the last time it rained at night,” said Lois. “I was lying with my head under the covers, trembling with fright. Grandmother found me there. She sat beside me and made that storm sound like music to me. I think I shall always love rainy nights.”

“But I want to play ball tomorrow,” began Leslie.

“Sh!” whispered Lois. “It is beginning! Let us turn out the lights and listen. I love to sit in the darkness and hear the



Paul's Photos

rain voices. I imagine the fairies are giving a concert. The patter-patter-patter of tiny drops sound like fairy music. The whole world is the opera house. The darkness of night is a smooth black velvet curtain, hanging before the stage.

“There! Did you see that flash of light? It is the signal to begin. Now there is a great stillness! The conductor has just lifted his arms for attention. Every fairy player is holding his breath, watching and waiting!

“The conductor moves his baton. Listen!

“Tonight the music begins with a loud crash of drums and cymbals. Sometimes its first tones are the soft, sweet strains of the violins. Close your eyes and hold your breath! Do you hear many other instruments joining, one by one, in the beautiful harmony? How lovely! Who, but the fairies, could make such wonderful songs?

“Sometimes the music is joyful and glad;
Sometimes it tinkles like swift dancing feet;
Sometimes the story is wailing and sad;
Sometimes its tale is delightfully sweet.
Often its message brings hope and good will;
Always its tones are in perfect accord.

Once, I distinctly heard, 'Peace, be still!
Open your heart to the love of our Lord!'

"But what is that? Wind, did you say? Oh, no! Not just plain, everyday wind! It is the voice of the king of all good fairies. Hark! Hear the high, tender call of the queen! Now all the fairies are joining in. Does it not lift your thoughts to the very gates of Heaven?

"And just think, Leslie and Talbert! This divine concert, directed by the Great Conductor of the Universe, comes to us free as the air we breathe! All the world, rich and poor, black and white, good and bad, can enjoy it if they only will."

"Thank you Lois," said Talbert and Leslie. "You have made us see beauty as we have never seen it before. You are a friend



Underwood and Underwood

worth having.”

Lois replied:

“And so I dream when it rains at night,
Then I wake to find a world all new,
With grass washed clean, with skies so
bright,
With a happy home, and friends like you.”

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

1. Was the story of the little boy from Lima true? Does it rain in Lima, South America?

2. How did Leslie feel about the rain after Talbert's story?

3. How did Leslie feel about the rain after Lois' story?

4. How many musical instruments can you name? Tell what each looks like.

5. Which makes more beautiful music, instruments or voices?

6. Which kind of music do you like best?

dances

marches

spirituals

Who Likes Geography?

It was almost time for the geography lesson. The class was trying to study the map of the United States.

“Oh, dear me!” sighed George Earl. “I don’t like geography. I try and try, but I just can’t understand what it is all about. At first I thought geography would be grand, because it came in such a large book.



The pictures looked very interesting. But when I tried to find out about them, the words were so big and strange that I could not read them."

"It seems like a puzzle to me," Lois complained. "The teacher tells us that when we sit at our desks, we are facing south. Then she says that the top of every map is always north. Now here is the rub. Look! I lay my book on my desk. I sit at my desk facing south. The top of my map seems like south to me. Wait! I wonder if south is sometimes north, and if north is sometimes south? In that case east is west and west is east, I suppose. Dear! Dear! This is worse than Alice in Wonderland. I can't even decide which is top and which is bottom!"

Alphonso drew a long breath. "Your troubles are small compared to mine, Lois.



Come here everybody! I need some help. What I can't understand is this," and he put his hand on the globe. "If the equator is only an imaginary line, why is it so hot? And if the North Pole is not a pole at all, why did Commander Peary say, 'Stars and Stripes nailed to North Pole, April 6, 1906'?"

"I wish some one would explain to me," groaned Leslie, "Why a beautiful little

stream with green trees along the bank, and cool running water in which to swim, is only a thin crooked line on a piece of paper in our geography.”

“Why is a city a small round dot?” asked Talbert.

“I can’t decide whether the map of Oklahoma looks more like an Indian’s battle-ax or a rancher’s big frying pan with a short handle,” groaned George Earl. “I grow so weary trying to figure it all out!”

“If we could only travel!” suggested Opal Bell. “That is the best way to learn geography. A person who travels learns about the weather, the crops, the roads, the cities, and the people in different parts of the country. He sees the schools and churches, the hills and the rivers. Sometimes he even goes across the ocean. He

visits places in which famous people have lived and worked. If I could travel, I should want to go first to New York City. That is where Sojourner Truth joined the church."

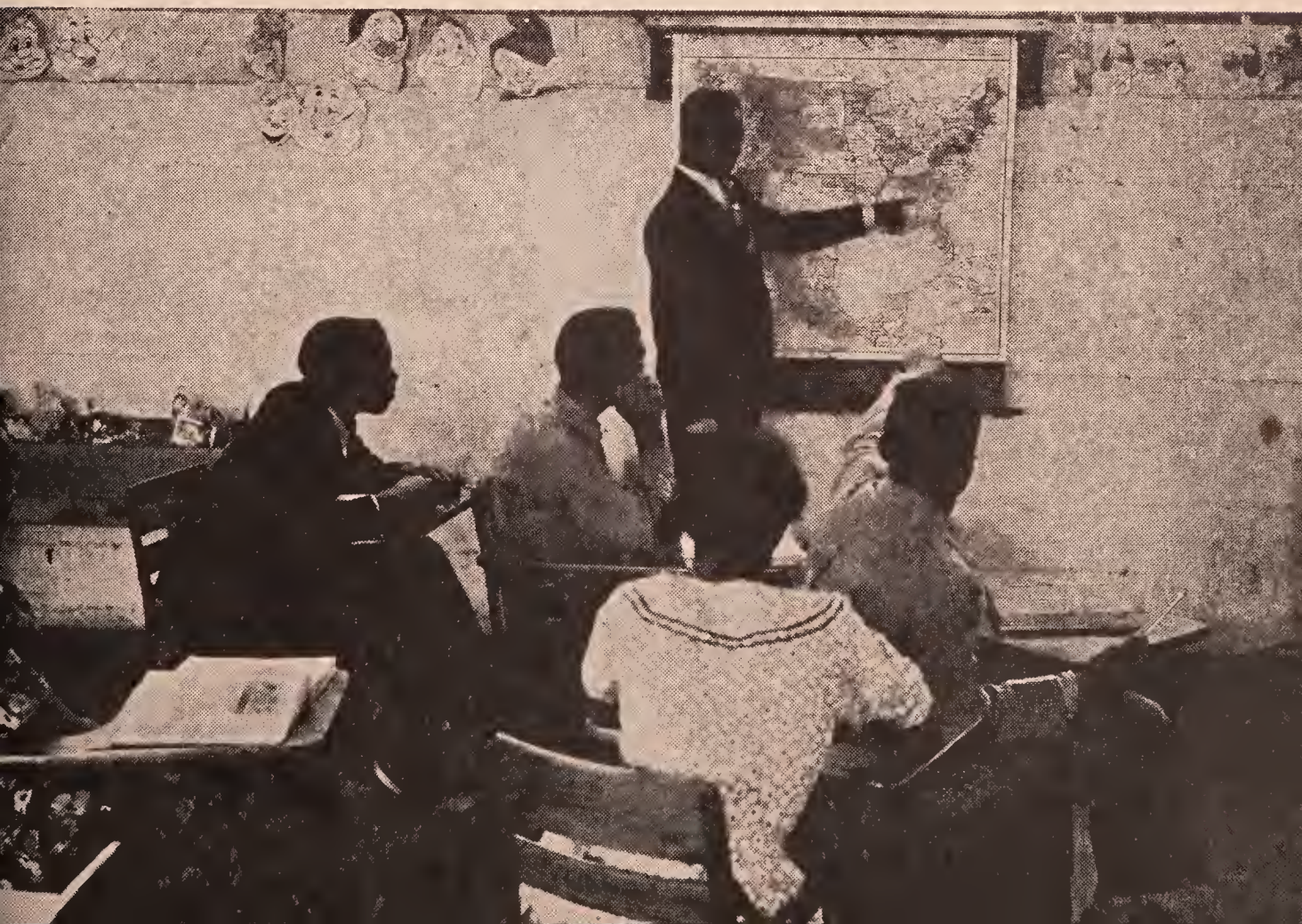
Alphonso, who was still thinking about the equator, asked, "Is it hot or cold in New York City? I think it is somewhere between the equator and the North Pole. But if they are both imaginary places, perhaps New York City is an imaginary place, too."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Opal Bell. "New York City is a real place. It is the largest city in the whole world. It must be a beautiful city with its tall buildings and its lovely parks. When I am older and can travel, I shall go to New York City."

"Which way will you go?" asked Lois, who was still bothered about directions. "Is New York City north or south?"

“Let me think,” said Opal Bell. “I shall try to find it on the map.”

Leslie looked across the table at the two girls. “That gives me an idea!” he said. He walked to the large map that hung on the wall. “I am going to find Atlanta. Let me see! Atlanta is in Georgia. Is it north or south? Is it east or west? Dr. John Hope was president of Atlanta University. I want to go there some day. Where is Atlanta?”

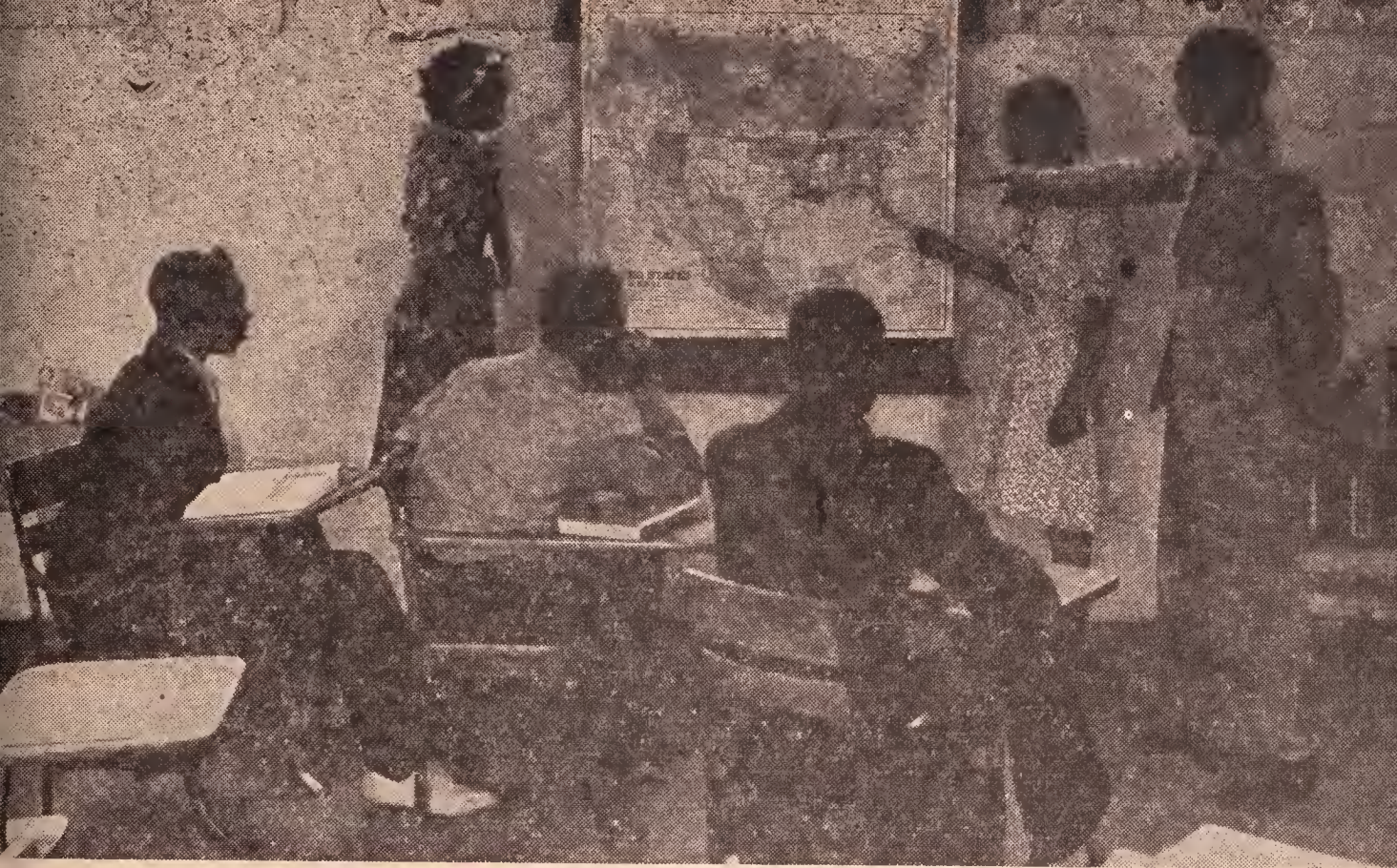


Leslie began to trace his finger across the big map saying, "Georgia—Georgia—Atlanta—Georgia. Oh, here it is! Here is Atlanta, Georgia!"

Talbert decided to find North Carolina, the home of Mr. Spaulding's Life Insurance Company. "North Carolina is not so far from Georgia," he said. "We can travel most of the way together, Leslie."

"I can go with you to Tennessee," Alphonso remarked as he pointed to the map. "I shall go to Nashville and visit the Meharry Medical School. Perhaps I can learn more about Dr. Williams while I am there."

George Earl thought, "They are just pretending to have fun. Geography can't be fun! But I think I shall open my book and really try to find the city that Mr. Baneker helped to plan. Let me see! Was it



New York City? Was it Chicago? Was it Atlanta? Oh, my! With all the talk of this and that, I can't remember what I want to find."

He turned to the teacher and asked, "Will you please tell me what city Mr. Bannerker helped to plan?"

While George Earl and the teacher were talking, Lois decided that she would like to go to Daytona Beach. She knew it was in Florida. But where was Florida? It must be south because the weather is warm in Florida. "If the top of the map is north,

then Florida must be toward the bottom," thought Lois.

"Oh, here is Florida!" cried Lois. "What a queer place it is. Why it looks like a thumb on a mitten-covered hand. If it did not point down, we might think it was asking for a ride. Now, where does Mrs. Bethune have her school? There it is at Daytona Beach! It seems to be about halfway between the first and second joint of the funny Florida thumb. Look! The Atlantic Ocean is right beside it. How clean Florida must

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be from the constant scrubbing it gets every day from the Atlantic Ocean!"

Just then the bell rang. It was time for school to be dismissed.

"Oh, good!" said the boys and girls. "We didn't have our geography lesson today."

The teacher smiled. "You have had a very interesting geography lesson today. I think you have learned much. I like your idea of going places in geography. It would be fine if we could really visit our friends in other states."

"Since we can't really travel, why not pretend?" asked Opal. "We can enjoy playing that we are visiting our friends."

"Shall we ride in a car or go on the train?" asked Alphonso.

"Oh, let us ride in a car," said Leslie. "We can take pictures along the way."

DO YOU REMEMBER?

1. Which two words would George Earl choose to describe geography?

beautiful	helpful	pleasant
difficult	grand	unpleasant

2. Which state reminds Lois of a thumb?

3. Which is north on a map?

4. Why did the children enjoy their study of geography?

5. What does the map of Oklahoma look like to you?

6. Why is it so hot at the equator?

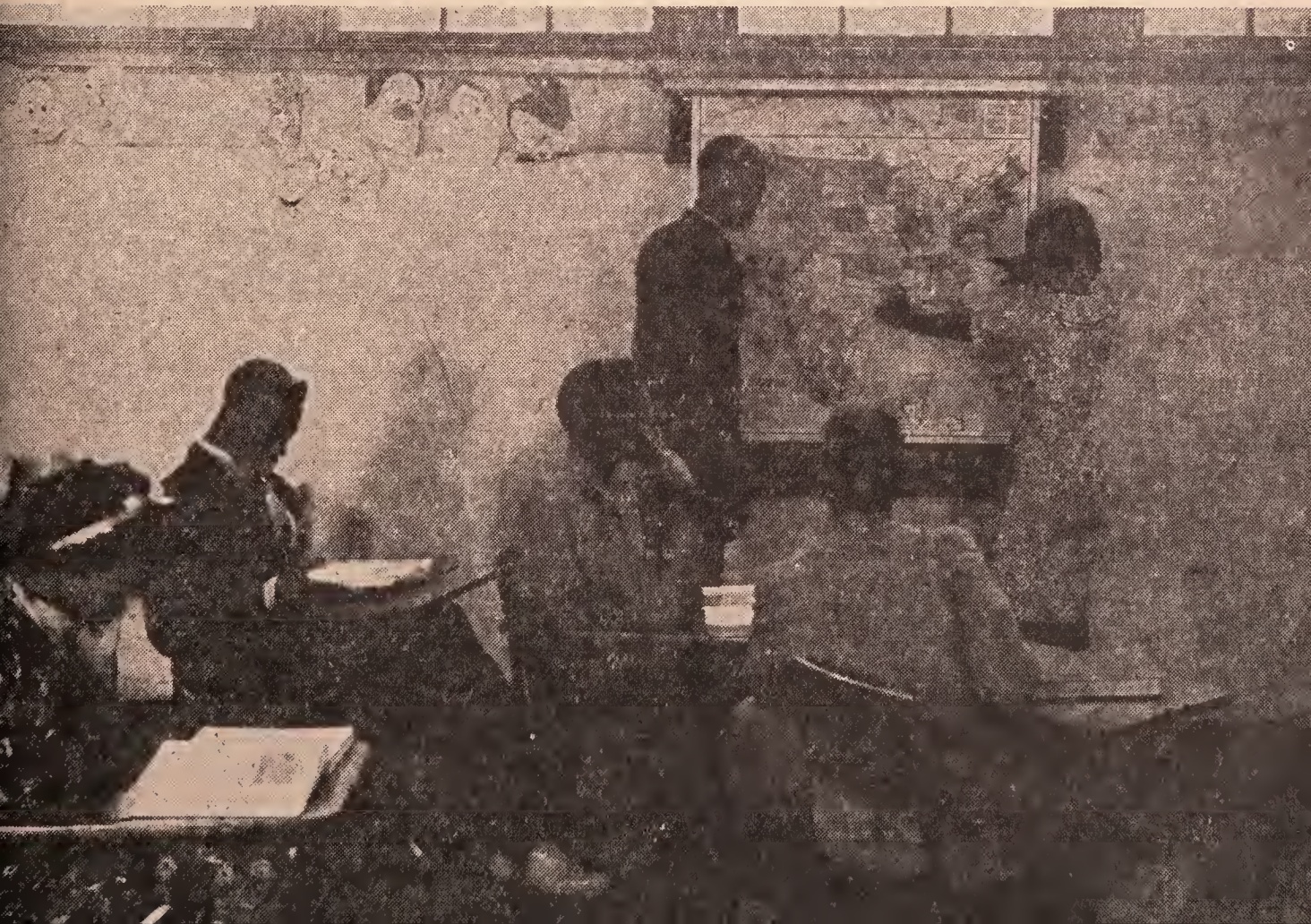
7. Is the North Pole a real pole?

8. What city did Mr. Banneker help plan?

A New Kind of Geography

“How can we drive a car in this mud?” laughed Alphonso the next morning after the class had decided to travel. “It must have rained all night long.”

“Our back yard looks like the Atlantic Ocean,” cried Lois. “The creek that runs behind our house overflowed. The water came almost to our kitchen door.”



“That sounds like the Mississippi River,” remarked Talbert. “Do you remember the story of John Little, the Negro who saved a hundred lives when the Mississippi River overflowed?”

“But if the creek is like the Mississippi River, then our back yard can’t be the Atlantic Ocean,” Lois objected.

“Why not?” Talbert wanted to know.

“Well, in the first place, the Mississippi River does not touch the Atlantic Ocean,” answered Lois. “And there is no land between the creek and the water in our back yard.” She found a map and showed Talbert that there is land between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic.

“How would you like to postpone our trip, since the roads are so muddy today?” asked the teacher. “We need to study our



road map a little more before starting on our journey, anyway.”

“Why can’t we build a big map of our own, with real rivers and lakes?” asked Alphonso. “We all wore our rain coats and boots today. A little rain and mud will not hurt any of us.”

It was a happy group that planned and marked off a great map of the United States on the school ground that morning. There was much talking and laughing, but the boys and girls were in earnest about their

map. They wanted to make it exactly right. They were careful to make the top of the map at the north side.

After much planning, they decided just where to place the map and how large to make it.

They pulled the wet dirt from the center and heaped it near the east and west sides to make the mountains. This left the low part in the center for the long Mississippi River and its branches.

They called the wet place east of the map, the Atlantic Ocean. On the west, they put the Pacific Ocean. A little pool at the south end became the Gulf of Mexico.

Lois carefully shaped the "Florida thumb" as she called it. She cut a picture of a woman and some children from a paper and put it in the place she thought the

Bethune-Cookman College should be. Then she printed a large sign which read, "Bethune-Cookman College." She placed the sign beside the woman and children.

Before the map was finished, the sun began playing hide-and-seek among the clouds. The boys and girls stopped to watch the water ships sail away and disappear, leaving the smiling sun alone in his great blue sea above the earth.

"Now," they cried, "the sun will bake a crust on our map. Then we can put some lime on the tops of our mountains. It will look like snow."

"But the sun always melts snow," objected Alphonso.

"Oh, no!" Opal explained. "Many of our mountains have snow on them the year through. Once I went to a great mountain

called Pike's Peak. It always has snow near the top. Pike's Peak is in Colorado. Now, let me think! Is Colorado east or west of the Mississippi River?"

"Which way did you travel from here, Opal, when you went to Pike's Peak?" asked George Earl.

"Oh, now I know! Thank you, George Earl, for the question. We went west from here," smiled Opal.

And so the boys and girls worked and talked until the bell rang for recess. "Can it be possible?" they asked their teacher. "Is it really time for recess?" They all stopped work and looked at their teacher to see if it really was recess time.

The teacher said, "Yes, it is time for recess. It has been a fine morning. We have had a new kind of school in which you

have studied the subject you think you dislike so much, GEOGRAPHY."

"Well, if we have studied geography this morning," said George Earl slowly and thoughtfully, "I like it. I thought geography was only a book full of big words and queer marks that don't even look like what they stand for! But, goodness me! This geography is made of dirt and water and people and *things*! May we have some more geography of this kind?"

"Yes," replied the teacher. "We shall begin our journey in the car tomorrow. We shall leave our map here. When we return



we shall show on the map, all the interesting things we have seen.

“I wish grandmother could go with us,” sighed Opal. “She has always wanted to travel.”

“When our trip is over and everything is pictured on the map, we can invite our parents to come and see where we have been,” suggested Lois.

“Each of us can tell about the place he enjoyed most,” Talbert added. “I am sure I shall like North Carolina best. It will be fine to tell our visitors about Mr. Spaulding and his insurance business. I should like to show them just where that seven-story building is to be found.”

“I think I shall find more of our Negro schools and put them on the map,” said Leslie. “It will be interesting to take our par-



ents to Tuskegee, Hampton, Atlanta, Howard, Shaw, and other fine colleges.”

“When we visit Fisk University, may we pretend that we are the Jubilee Singers?” asked Opal. “We can sing some of our beautiful spirituals.”

“That is a good plan,” agreed Leslie. “Of course, we can not sing *quite* so well as the Jubilee Singers, but our parents will understand. Perhaps they will sing with us.”

The boys and girls were so interested in their plans that they forgot to stop for recess. When the bell rang for them to go into the schoolhouse, they had a good laugh.

“Just think!” cried George Earl as they stood looking at their map. “We are finding geography so much fun that we forget to remember to play at recess!”

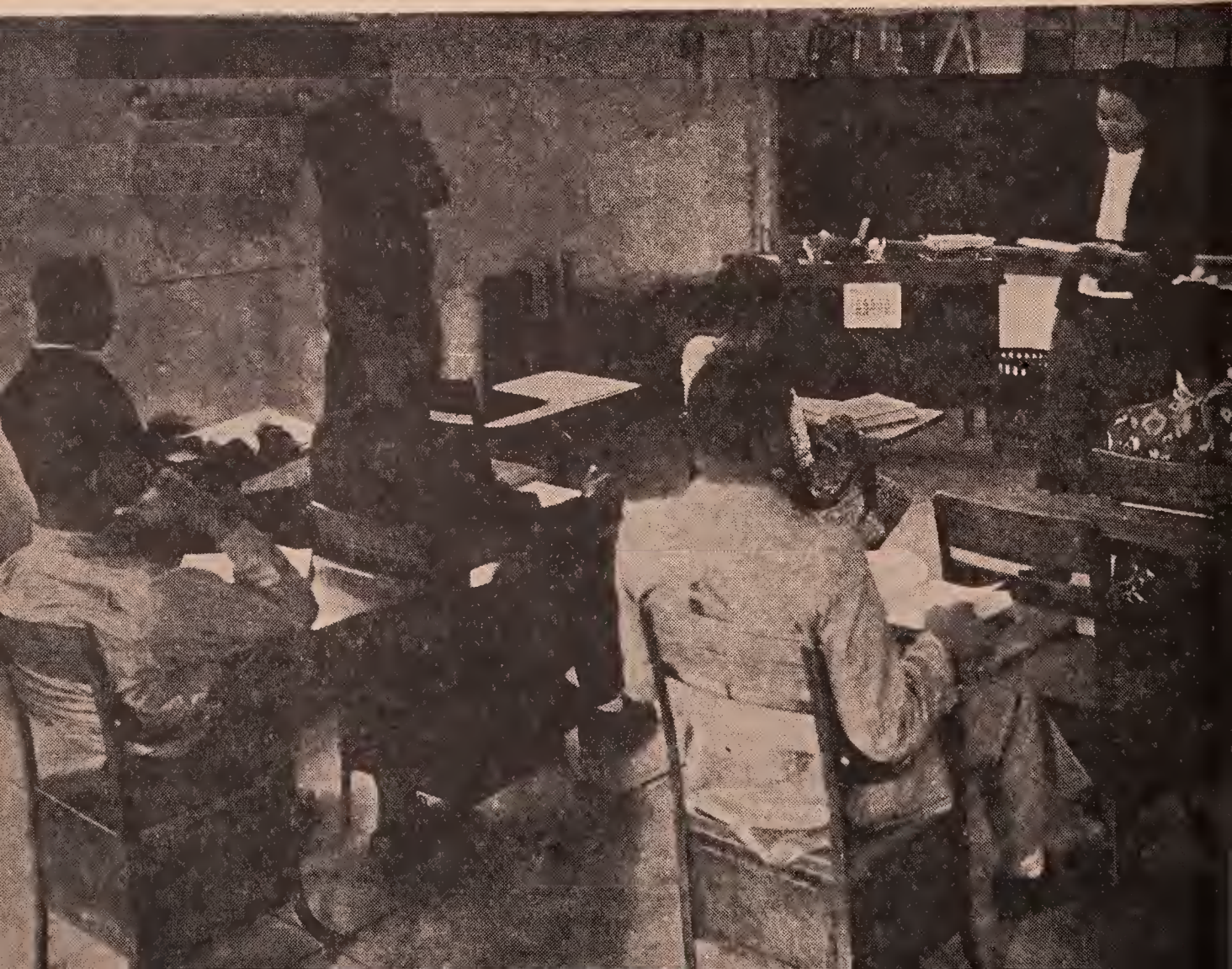
CAN YOU TELL?

1. Does the Atlantic Ocean touch the Mississippi River?
2. Is Bethune-Cookman College nearer the Atlantic Ocean or the Mississippi River?
3. Are there more mountains on the east or the west side of the United States?
4. Why does the sun not melt the snow on some high mountains?
5. Is Colorado east or west of the great Mississippi River?
6. What is geography?
7. Why did the children forget to play at recess?
8. If you could take a trip, where would you want to go?

How Are Stories Made?

The next day after the boys and girls made their United States map, it rained again. "It is too bad," said Opal, "but I think we can find something interesting to do."

"Here is a story you may enjoy," said the teacher. "It is called the Winged Horse.



One of our famous authors wrote it."

The boys and girls read the story quietly. When they had finished, they talked about the story. "If we had a Winged Horse we could take our trip today," suggested Talbert.

Alphonso looked thoughtful. He said, "I don't see how any one can write stories like the Winged Horse. What caused Mr. Hawthorne to think of a horse with wings?"

"Perhaps he dreamed about it," suggested Lois.

"Why should he have such queer dreams?" Alphonso wondered.

"Oh, he may have eaten too much; or he may have been reading fairy tales before he went to bed," explained George Earl.

Talbert's eyes were bright as he said, "Not long ago I read a story about Charles



Spirit of We

Underwood and Underwood

Lindbergh's flight to Paris. It told of Mr. Lindbergh's long trip alone across the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Paris. It was the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic. All the world waited and watched for him to arrive safely in Paris. What a crowd came out to meet him when he did finally land in France! How they cheered for this brave man!

"I looked at a picture of the monument Paris has built in honor of Mr. Lindbergh. The picture is in the Source Book. It is a very unusual monument.

"The monument is called 'The Spirit of We.'

"That night after I had gone to bed, I kept thinking of this monument. When I went to sleep, I had a wonderful dream."

"Tell us your dream, Talbert!" cried the

other boys and girls.

“May I tell them my dream?” Talbert asked the teacher politely.

“Indeed, you may!” she replied.

All the children sat straight and tall. Talbert walked to the front of the room. It was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop on the floor.

Talbert began to tell the story of his dream.

Talbert's Dream

It was Armistice Day. I was on my way to town to see the big parade when a gentle flutter just above my head made me look upward. There was "Lindy" smiling down at me from his airplane.

But what a queer plane it was! Its wings were covered with feathers. They looked like the wings of a giant dove. The airplane had no propeller, no motor, and



nobody except Mr. Lindbergh, himself.

The strange plane glided quietly down to the ground and stopped beside me.

“Oh, Mr. Lindbergh,” I called, “have you come to take part in our Armistice Day parade?”

He shook his head and smiled, but said nothing. I remembered that he had always been the sort of person who says little or nothing.

Then came a big surprise! Before I knew what had happened, I found myself sitting between the great, soft wings of the strange airplane, and we were floating toward the clouds.

“Where are we going?” I wondered. I was not afraid. I remembered that Mr. Lindbergh’s trips are always good-will visits.

On and on we flew, faster and faster.

I was sure we were going faster than the wind. At times we basked in the warm sunlight. At other times we slipped, silent as a ghost through a chill gray mist. Once we seemed to be just hanging to the bottom of a big, dark cloud.

After a very long while, we began to go down, down, down! I could not see what was beneath us, but "Lindy's" feathers were unruffled. He was as calm as a summer sea; so I knew that all was as right as could be.

We landed smoothly. Hundreds of people came running up from all sides asking eagerly, "Did you come from America? Where are your engine and your propeller?" and many other questions we could not understand because of the strange language most of them spoke.

Where do you suppose we had landed?

“Was it Paris?” asked Lois.

“No it wasn’t Paris.”

“Was it Mexico?” asked Opal.

“No, it was not Mexico. I shall tell you some of the things we saw. Perhaps that will help you decide where we landed.”

My eyes must have been very wide. I had never seen anything at all like the place in which “Lindy” and I found ourselves.

It looked like a fairyland of flowers. Maple trees hung like red and orange clouds above the giant chrysanthemums growing everywhere. Even the shops, with their front walls open to the sidewalks, were decorated with bright colored maple leaves and flowers.

Across the street I saw a strange art exhibit. It was full of wonderful pictures. But these pictures were not painted. They

were living pictures! Yes, they were made of flowers that were still growing in the garden. They had been trained into the most unusual shapes. One looked like a big open umbrella. Another might have been Columbus' ship sailing on a sea of flowers. Still another looked like a large car. There was one that looked like an airplane.

It was the most beautiful garden I have ever seen. "Can this be real?" I asked myself.

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Red and white flags were flying from every house. Each flag had a large red sun from which the rays seemed to spread.

Men, dressed in uniforms hurried



through the streets of the little city. Soldiers marched in long lines to the strangest music I had ever heard. It was not at all like the stirring marches we hear in America when our soldiers march.

But though the soldiers passed in parade, I felt sure there was no war in this country of my dream. All the men, women, and children had smiling faces. People do not look so happy when their fathers and sons are going away to war, do they?

As I looked down the street and across the living art exhibit, I saw great crowds of happy people everywhere. Some walked. Others rode in queer little carriages pulled by small men with yellow skin. The people had dark, slanting eyes and straight, black hair. They all wore gay-colored kimonos. Even the men wore kimonos.

Just as I was about to stop one of the men with his queer carriage, I awoke and found that it was all a dream. I suppose the story I had read and the picture of the monument caused me to have the dream.

HELPERS FOR YOU

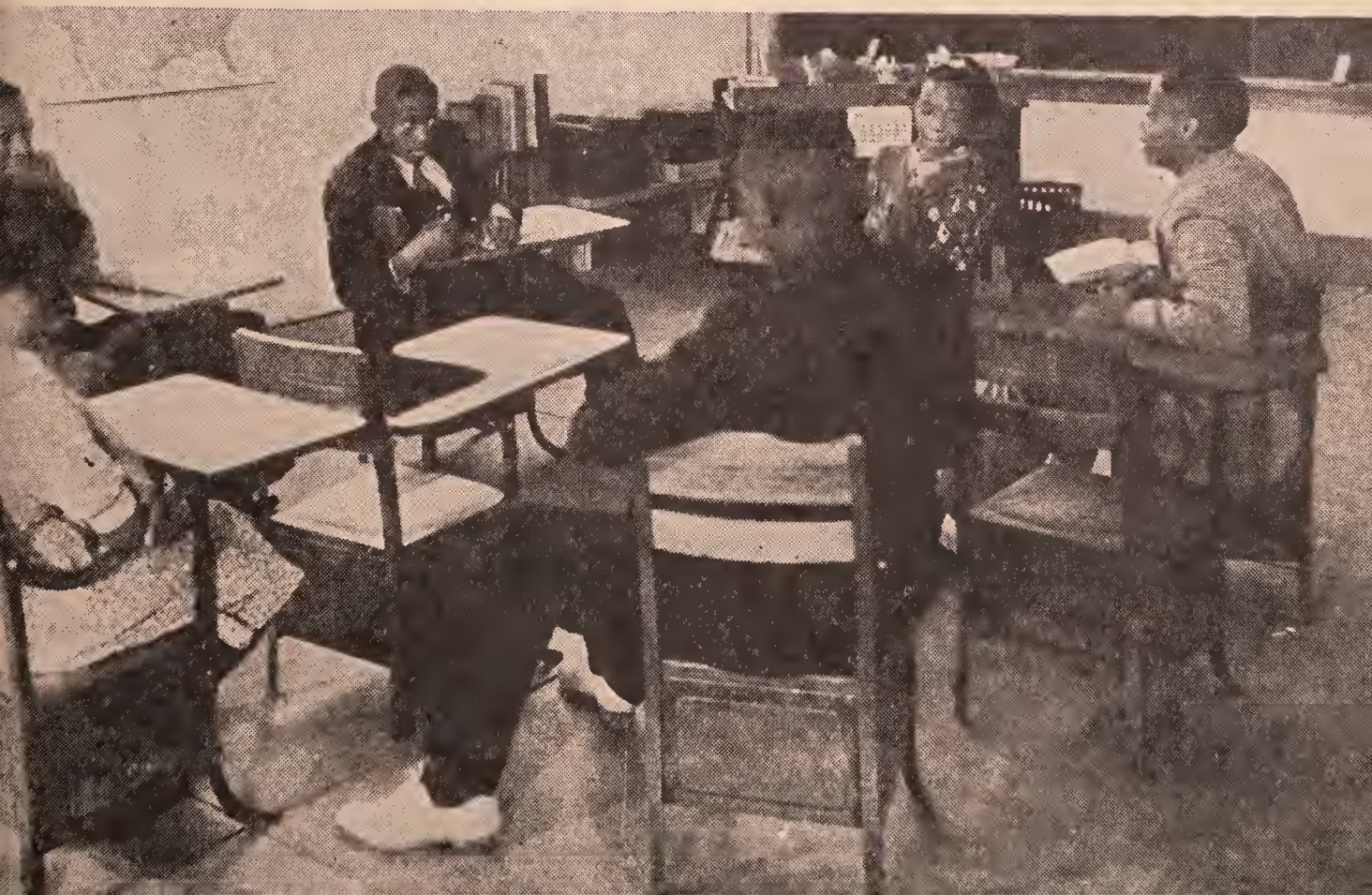
1. Write on a piece of paper the name of the country Talbert dreamed of visiting.
2. Write at least one reason why you think it was that country.
3. What is the name of the queer little carriage pulled by yellow-skinned men?
4. Draw at least two pictures as Talbert described them.
5. If you should go to Japan today, would you find the people so happy? Why do you think so?
6. Tell of an interesting dream you have had. Try to make your story as interesting as Talbert's.

Preparing for a Journey

“I wish I could go to Japan,” said Opal after Talbert had told of his dream. “When I am a woman, I hope I can travel and travel, all around the world.”

Alphonso frowned, “Travel costs too much money. I suppose I’ll never be able to see any foreign countries.”

“You can read stories about them and enjoy them almost as much,” Talbert said.

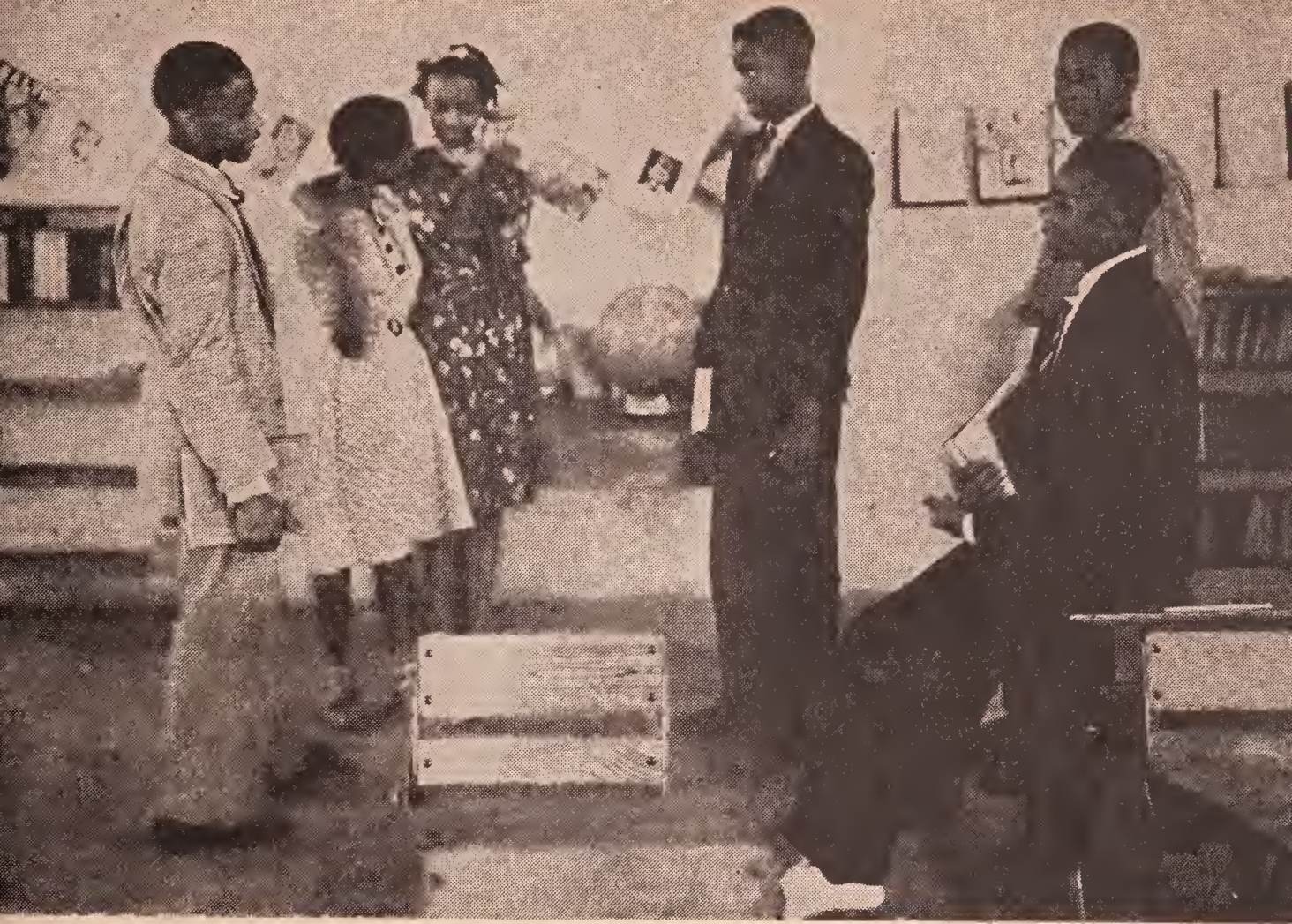


“And we can take imaginary trips,” added Lois.

“The rain seems to have spoiled our plans for a trip through our own country,” said Leslie. “Let us study our geography and find all the stories and pictures we can about the United States. We can do that while it rains. Then let us take an imaginary trip in an airplane to a foreign country. Talbert’s story has made me want to fly across the sea.”

“I think that is a fine idea,” said Lois. “I have often thought that some day I might like to live in another country. I should like to fly across the sea and learn how people live over there.”

“First, we must decide where we shall go,” said Talbert. “Then we can get our maps and learn in which direction to go. We shall



want to know how far it is, too. We might even find out how much a real trip to that place would cost.”

“We must decide what clothes we shall need,” suggested Alphonso.

“Now, what difference does that make?” Talbert inquired.

Alphonso said, “If we go in an airplane, we must take nothing except what is necessary. Do you remember what Mr. Lindbergh

took with him on his flight to Paris?"

"You are right," agreed Talbert. "I do not know exactly what Mr. Lindbergh took, but I remember that he took nothing that was not necessary. An airplane can not be loaded down with clothes and food."

"But we would freeze in Little America if we wore the same clothes that we could wear comfortably in Japan," Alphonso said.

"You are right again," agreed Talbert. "We must decide what clothes to take."

"I should like to keep this a secret," Lois said. "Everyone thinks we are going on a trip through the United States. Let us tell no one where we are going. We can take pictures while we are gone. When we come home, we shall invite our parents and friends to hear about the journey. We can show the pictures and let them guess where we have

been. Think how surprised they will be!"

"That will be interesting," agreed the group. "We all like secrets and surprises."

When the boys and girls went home that afternoon, they pretended to be getting ready to go on a journey. Not one of them would tell where they were going, though. It was fun to have all the fathers and mothers and the brothers and sisters trying to guess.

"I think you are going to North Carolina," said Talbert's big brother.

"I believe you will go to New York City," said Opal's grandmother.

"I think it will be Florida," guessed Lois' grandfather.

"Wait and see!" the children replied.

"We shall leave tomorrow, rain or shine. In about four weeks, we shall return. You are invited to come to school and see our pictures.

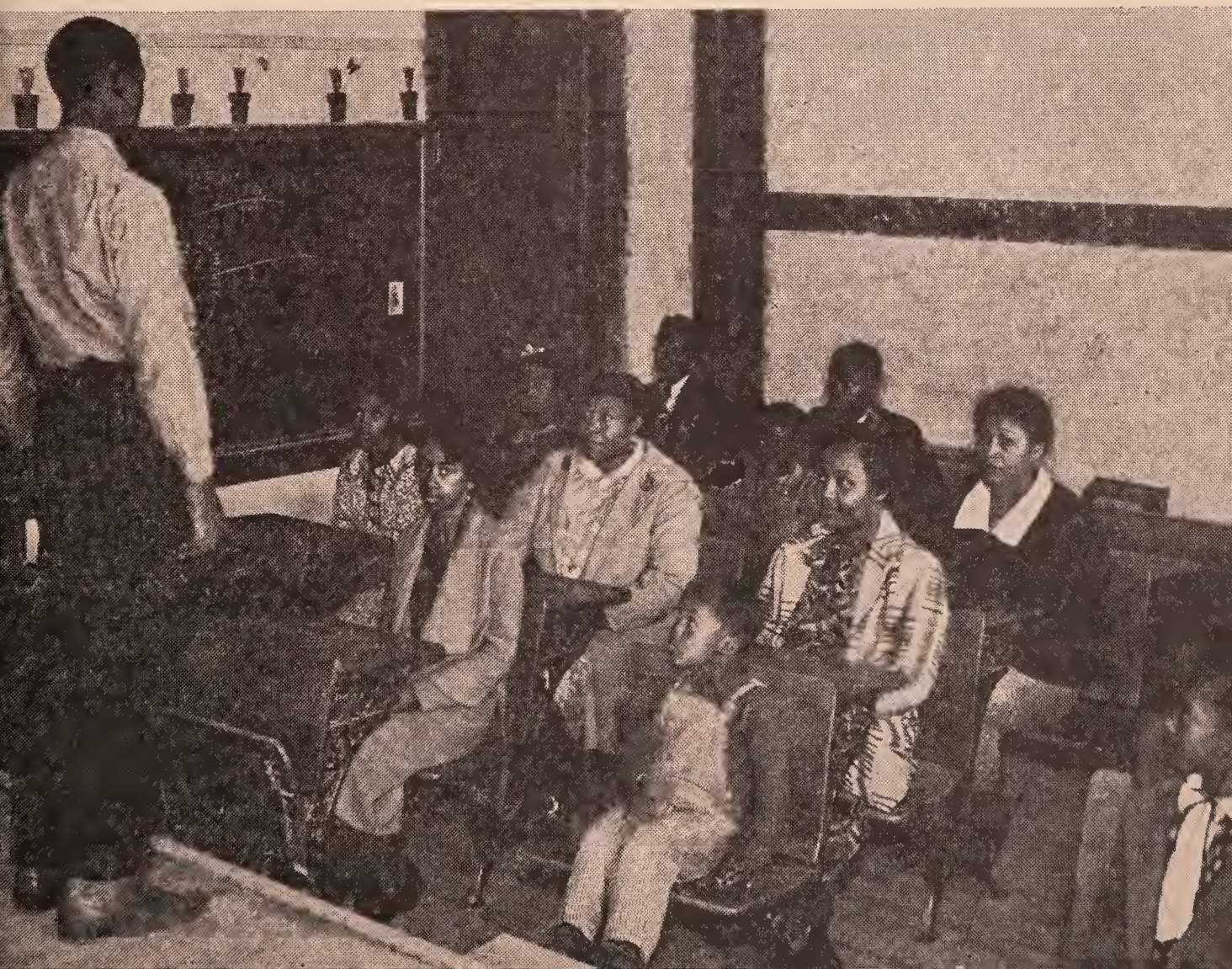
We shall tell some stories about our trip. Then you may guess where we have been.”

All the families looked forward to the day when they would hear about the great journey. Four weeks seemed a long time. Time is always long when one is waiting.

Telling about the Journey

At last the day came. The boys and girls met their friends and parents at the door as they came to school. You would have believed they really had just returned from a long air-flight.

“How do you do?” they said, as if they were all out of breath. “Our ears are still



roaring from the sound of the motor, but we are happy to see you. Oh, yes! It was a pleasant trip, thank you; but we are delighted to be home again. No, thank goodness! There were no accidents. Come right in and find comfortable seats. The first speaker is about to begin. One learns not to waste time on an airplane. We shall start promptly."

When the visitors had all arrived, Leslie said, "We are pleased to see so many friends. If you will make yourselves comfortable, we shall tell you about our trip."

George Earl began, "We took our summer clothes on the journey, because we were going to a warm climate."

Lois added, "We went across the Atlantic Ocean. We traveled east and south. The trip was long. Finally we came to a continent on the other side of the Atlantic. It is the

large continent which Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune wanted to visit. She felt that there was work for her to do in that country. I, too, have often wished I could go there some day. Here is a picture of the continent.”

Lois held up a picture. It was a map of the continent. Such a queer, heart-shaped country, with one side of the heart much larger than the other side! It looked as if some one had pushed the upper right-hand part downward until the top of the heart extended far out on the left side.

Lois continued her story:

“As we flew over the continent toward the south, we crossed the equator. Oh, we did not see it! We did not even know when we crossed it. We only knew the air was very, very hot through that part of the country, and that we must be near the equator be-

cause our maps told us so.

“We tuned the radio in our plane to one of the local stations. Suddenly, over the air-waves came the deep rich voice of one of our own fine singers. We had often heard that voice before. This American Negro sings on some of the best radio programs in the United States. He has had leading parts in some fine moving pictures.

“We recalled having seen him in a picture ‘Sanders on the River.’ Some of us had seen him in ‘Show Boat’ and had heard him sing ‘Old Man River.’

“This man with the wonderful voice was once an all-American football player. He became famous as an actor when he played the role of Othello. Later he played Emperor Jones, and we were all proud of him in that role, too.



“You can imagine how happy we were when this man’s voice came to us as we sailed over a strange land. We enjoy hearing Paul Robeson sing any time; but his singing sounded especially wonderful that day.”

Opal Bell was next. She told this story:

“We landed in the southern part of the continent. There we found white people and

black people, as in our own country.

“But those black people seemed so strange to us! We wondered if they could really be our cousins. Their clothes, their homes, and their way of talking were quite different from ours. Many of them could not read and write. Many of them took no part in the government of their country.

“We made a special visit to see another of our well known Negroes who is working with the Young Men’s Christian Association over there. This man met us with a friendly smile and made us comfortable at once. He has always known how to make people feel welcome in strange places. Before he left America, he was known as a leader of both old and young, in Christian work. He is a graduate of Shaw University in North Carolina.



Max Yergan, Director, International Committee on African Affairs

“In that far-away country, he is much loved. He goes about organizing Christian Associations among the natives. He talks with students, both black and white, in the colleges and universities. He is helping to form a fine friendship between the two races.

“We were glad to see Mr. Max Yergan. It was easy to understand that he was like us, an American. We remembered that he had been awarded the Spingarn Medal in 1933. In choosing him the committee said, ‘Mr. Max Yergan is a missionary of intelligence, tact, and self-sacrifice, representing the gift of cooperation and culture which American Negroes may send back to their Motherland; and he is one who organized an unusual local movement for interracial understanding among black and white students.’

“Mr. Yergan told us of his visits to the schools over there. He plays interesting games with the children and listens to their lovely folk songs and stories. He takes them many stories of hope, and teaches them the joy of living as Christians. We certainly did enjoy our visit with Mr. Yergan.”

Opal went to her seat.

Leslie said, “When we left Capetown in the very southern part of the continent, we flew toward the north. We could see rivers shining like paved roads cutting their way through the dark forests. Sometimes these rivers seemed to widen into huge mirrors; but we knew those mirrors were only swamps. When we saw what looked like a big black rock in one of those shining swamps, we flew as low as we dared. Looking through our telescope, we learned that

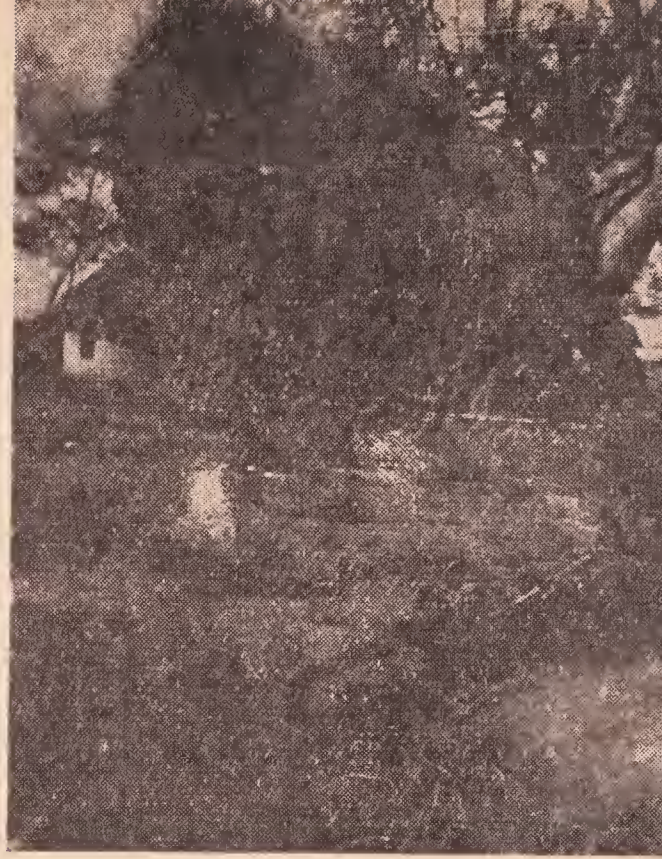
what had seemed like a rock was a big black hippopotamus, trying to keep cool in the water. The noise of our motor must have disturbed him, for he lifted his ugly lumpy head and spouted water high into the air. Then he dived into the swamp and we did not see him again.

“Once, when we landed to visit a little village far out in the forest, we saw an army of ants marching like soldiers in a long column a yard wide. Another time, we saw the blind hunting ants that leave nothing behind their path. It is said that even the elephants get out of the way when the blind ants come feeling their way along.

“Near the little village we saw the tailor ants. They use their babies as spinning machines to fasten the leaves together for a nest. Just to think of them made us glad we

are human beings instead of tailor ants.

“Here is a picture of an ant’s house. The ants that built it are not real ants, but termites. Perhaps they are the most unusual of all the ant family. They build houses many times taller than our one-story homes.



“See the house near the termites’ home? It is not such a tiny house, but it certainly looks small beside the termites’ building. These white ants do not always build their houses where people would like to have them. They do not even ask if they may put up their homes. How would you enjoy having termites build their house in your front yard?

“As we went deeper into the forest, we

met a great cloud of locusts. They were looking for the village gardens. Sometimes these locusts destroy all the gardens in a day.

“Underfoot were dangerous, crawling things. We walked slowly and watched every step. Not more than six feet from where I passed, there was a huge snake, sleeping with his eyes wide open. The knots in his body showed that he had found a good dinner.

“Beside a stream we saw a python, at least twenty-five feet long. He was all dressed up in his beautiful coat of black and brown and gold. But that did not keep him from lying half in water and half on land, bathing in his best suit while he digested the antelope he had crushed and swallowed whole only yesterday.

“Mosquitoes swarmed and stung us. We

thought it best to go back to the village. Mosquitoes are said to carry malaria. The natives do not often have malaria, but we did not want to run the risk of getting it into our blood. Many people who live in this part of the country build their houses high off the ground. Their homes look like haystacks walking around on stilts. The mosquitoes do not fly high. People can sleep in their stilt-houses without being bothered by them.

“Besides the ants, the snakes, and the

Underwood and Underwood



mosquitoes, there were poisonous flies and other insects in the forest. The air was thick with them. We hurried to get out of the woods.

“Suddenly, right near us, we saw the most unusual animals of all. They looked like human fly papers. Our friends explained that they were really men who had spread a kind of glue over their clothes, their hands, and their faces. They wanted to work in the forest. They knew that there were tsetse flies in the air. Tsetse flies bite and kill dogs and other animals. These same flies sometimes bite people. The bite of the tsetse fly is said to cause ‘sleeping sickness.’ The men spread the glue on themselves to protect their bodies from the tsetse flies. When we saw them and learned why they had made themselves into walking fly papers, we did not waste any time

in our rush to the clearing and the stilt-houses.

“The next morning we left the swampy forest, with its snakes and insects. We flew toward the north and east. Before long the trees seemed smaller and the rivers were narrow silver ribbons. Soon we could see only a few trees here and there. We were passing over the great grasslands. The black dots in the grass were cattle, antelopes, and zebras. Occasionally, we saw villages with tiny grass huts. Nearby were their gardens and small herds of sheep and goats.

“As we went on and on, the grass seemed shorter. There were no trees and no streams. Soon, we passed over country where there was no grass at all. Everywhere we looked there was sand and clay and bare rock. We were flying over the Great Desert.



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“Late that afternoon we saw a shining lake of water in that world of sand and rock. Around the lake were green trees, and something that looked like green grass. It was an oasis! Several tents were sitting near as if resting in the welcome shade of the palm trees. A few goats were eating grass. A number of camels lay in the sun, their dust-colored humps rising like the sails of ships in an ocean of sand.

“When we landed, we found strange brown-skinned people. The men wore long robes and bright colored hats with long capes

hanging down their backs. The women wore robes, but they wore trousers, also. Their heads were covered with bright shawls. All their clothing was made of heavy wool.

“These people were Bedouins. They live in the desert. They wander from place to place to find grass and water for their goats and camels. They meet many kinds of people. One of them could understand our language and could talk to us a little.

“We spent the night at the oasis. Before morning we wished we had some heavy clothes like those the Bedouins wore. When the sun shines, the desert is burning hot; but at night it becomes very cool.

“The next morning, our Bedouin friend who could talk with us called, ‘Come here! I want to show you something.’

“We followed him a short distance; and

what do you suppose he showed us? It was a mother python on her nest. We could not guess how long she was, because she lay coiled 'round and 'round over her eggs. The Bedouin told us that the python usually lays a hundred or more eggs before she coils on the heap. She stays there about two months and then the baby pythons hatch. Imagine what it would be like to sleep at that oasis some night when those one hundred or more baby pythons start crawling around!

“We wanted to fly across the Great Desert and to see the Nile River; but our time was growing short. We had promised to be back here today, you know. The continent we visited is such a large one that it would take many months to see even half of it.

“So we decided to fly back toward the west coast and make one or two stops. Then

it would be time to come home. Not long after we had crossed the grasslands and had come to another beautiful forest, we saw a village in a small space that had been cleared of trees and bushes. A beautiful stream dashed down the hills and went galloping through the trees.

“We landed our plane and went to the village. There we met some very fine people. Among them was a little boy whom we learned to love dearly. His name was Benoni. The Book Friend will tell you about him, and will show you the pictures we brought back.”

HELPERS FOR YOU

Fill the blank on each line with the correct word from the list on the next page.

1. The children took an imaginary trip to

2. The people they met on the desert were

3. The fly is said to give people sleeping sickness.

4. A lays a hundred or more eggs before she coils herself on her nest.

5. The air is on the desert at night.

6. received the Spingarn Medal in 1933.

7. Max Yergan is an
Negro.

8. Mosquitoes are said to cause

9. A python is a large

10. Africa is a very large

Bedouins

malaria

Africa

python

tsetse

cool

Mr. Yergan

continent

American

snake



Benoni

Benoni lived in the Land of Shadows. He was a very small lad who had never seen a city with its tall buildings. His home was the center of a little village in a forest clearing. Benoni's people called the village a kraal. To our ears the name sounds like the word we use when we speak of what babies do before they are strong enough to walk (crawl).

The houses in Benoni's village, or kraal, looked like giant beehives. Their walls were made of mud and sticks, baked by the sun as hard as bricks.

The pointed roofs reminded us of the tall hats we wear on Hallowe'en. These roofs were made of the long grass that grew some distance away from the kraal.

When the rain comes through one of these roofs, Benoni's people do not sit under an umbrella. They do not buy a new roof. They just go out and pull more grass with which to mend their old roof.

Little Benoni did not like to stay in the kraal during the day. He did not like the hot sun. It burned his body, for Benoni wore no clothes.

Benoni's house was in the center of the kraal because his father was chief of the tribe. All the other little huts sat in a circle





around the chief's house.

Benoni liked the dark, restful shadows in the forest which grew on every side of his native village. It pleased him to watch the gay colored birds in the green leaves

overhead. He liked to hear them chatter about their families and their travels. He loved their sweet music when they sang of their homes and their babies.

Benoni never tired of running races with the beautiful butterflies as they sailed through the air on bright, fluttering wings.

The gentle breeze told Benoni such interesting stories! He often stood still—very

still—listening, almost without breathing, as it sang sweet songs and played lively tunes upon the leaves on the trees in his forest.

The wild things that roamed among the bushes learned that Benoni was a friend. Many of them lost all fear of the small black boy who spent so much time in their shadowy land.

The tall giraffes often stood still and gazed at him. When he spoke to them in his soft native language, they seemed to understand; but they gave him no answer, for giraffes have no voice boxes in their long necks. They never talk. Even when they are angry, or are hurt by lions or tigers or other strong animals, the poor giraffes can not cry out. And so, when little Benoni tried to carry on a conversation with them, the giraffes only held their heads higher in the air and

looked too proud for words.

And oh, those monkeys! It was such fun to hear them jabbering, and to see them swinging by their long tails from the high forest branches. There were many kinds of monkeys. The ones Benoni liked best had long silky black and white fur. Their faces were black. Around each face was a fringe

International News Photos



of white beard.

Perhaps you have never seen monkeys except in cages or in parks. I am sure you have not seen the kind Benoni liked best. No doubt you think monkeys are ugly and dirty.

Benoni's monkeys

were not dirty. Their fur was soft and clean. They always smelled as sweet as if they had just come from a warm soapy bath. Their breath was as sweet as the breath of a healthy human baby. They would not eat food that was not strictly fresh. They kept themselves healthy with good food, plenty of exercise in the open air, regular hours of sleep, and clean bodies.

Benoni's mother did not need to call him to get up in the morning. The monkeys did that. They were good alarm clocks. At the first peep of dawn they always awoke and sent out a call that meant, "Get up, all you sleeping people and animals! It's morning!" All the sleeping people and animals knew that it was time to wake when they heard that call. All the night-prowling animals crept swiftly into their hiding places to sleep

and wait for the next darkness.

When Benoni heard the monkeys calling each morning he wasted no time. He wanted to be in the forest to hear the morning concert. Benoni's monkeys always started the day with music. Just as he left his hut, he heard the leader give the signal for attention. The monkey's voice sounded as if he might have taken cold during the night and was clearing his throat. But all the monkeys knew he was saying, "Attention! Get ready!"

By the time Benoni arrived, the trees were full of monkeys, all sitting up on the branches with their lips puckered like those of a boy getting ready to whistle a tune. They watched their leader. He looked all around to see if every one was ready. Then he started on a low tone and raised his voice just as a

conductor lifts his baton. Suddenly all the monkeys began to sing.

What a concert it was! The voices hummed like bees. Then they rose to high "do" and came rumbling down again. Up again, and down they came! Over and over, they sang the same tune. Some were slower, and some were lower, but they all sang.

Just when Benoni was sure they were going to stop, they raised their voices again and began the song once more. Then, when he was certain they would sing all day, the music suddenly stopped. Each family went to its own tree-home. The father barked out his orders, and every one began to do the task his father had given him for his "home work."

All day the monkeys worked and played. It was easy to see that the father was boss.



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When he spoke, every member of the family did what he wanted done. But he was not a bad father. When the work was finished, he played hide-and-seek with his wife and children among the long fern leaves and the lovely wild flowers. He

took the longest, most breath-taking jumps from tree to tree; and it was interesting to watch his long bushy tail trailing behind him as he flew through the air.

Benoni liked to stay in the shadows and watch the monkeys prepare for bed. The mother took every little baby on her lap and looked him over carefully. She picked off all

ticks and burrs. Then she cleaned his eyes and nose. She even gouged into his ears just as some human mothers do. When every baby was ready, there was a race for a place next to mother in the tree-bed. Sometimes they set the whole forest into an uproar with their squealing and pushing. At last the father would grow weary of the big noise and suddenly bark out, "Stop that squealing! Be quiet!"

Not another sound could be heard in all the forest except that made by Benoni's tiny feet as he left the shadows and went to find rest in his own little hut.

A SUGGESTION

George Earl said, "If you will come with me I will show you our sand table. We have made a kraal on it, like the one in which Benoni lived. See the chief's house?

"You will notice the forest around the kraal. The trees are tall and green.

"And here are the monkeys in the forest. Some are in trees. Some are on the ground. Some are playing hide-and-seek among the ferns and flowers."

Benoni's Family

Because Benoni was a very small lad, he did not work. All day, while the sun was hot, and while his older brothers herded the goats, little Benoni played among the cool shadows of the forest.

He did not go to the hut for lunch. When he was beginning to feel hungry, he pulled a ripe, yellow banana from one of the banana trees in the forest. If he wanted more to eat, he took another banana or found some other kind of fruit. The forest was full of good things to eat.

But Benoni was the only member of his family who did not work. Sometimes the chief wondered if his small son was not old enough to begin making trips with his brothers to look after the goats. The mother

always said, "Oh, he is only a baby! Let him play a while longer!"

To be sure, you and I could not have understood the mother because she spoke a language that we do not know. But we can be certain that mothers, the world over, always want their babies to play and be happy as long as they can.

And so, while Benoni played, his mother went with the other women to carry wood.

Do you think it strange that Benoni's people needed so much wood? There were many night-prowling animals in the forest near the kraal. These animals liked to steal their food from the kraal. They might have harmed the people in the kraal. To keep them away, a great fire was kept burning every night. Animals that prowl at night will not come into a circle lighted by a fire.

But it takes much wood to keep fires burning every night.

Sometimes, when the mothers went after wood, the babies that were too small to walk or to take care of themselves, went along. They rode on their mothers' backs as our Indian babies ride. If they grew weary, the babies went to sleep in their back-seat carriages.

Benoni's mother knew how to do many things. She could skin bark from trees and make it into cloth. She soaked the bark a long time. Then she laid it on a log and beat it with a big mallet until it was soft and as thin as she wanted it to be. Benoni liked to watch his mother make cloth when the sun was not too hot. But he did not like to wear the cloth.

Once she wrapped a piece of the cloth

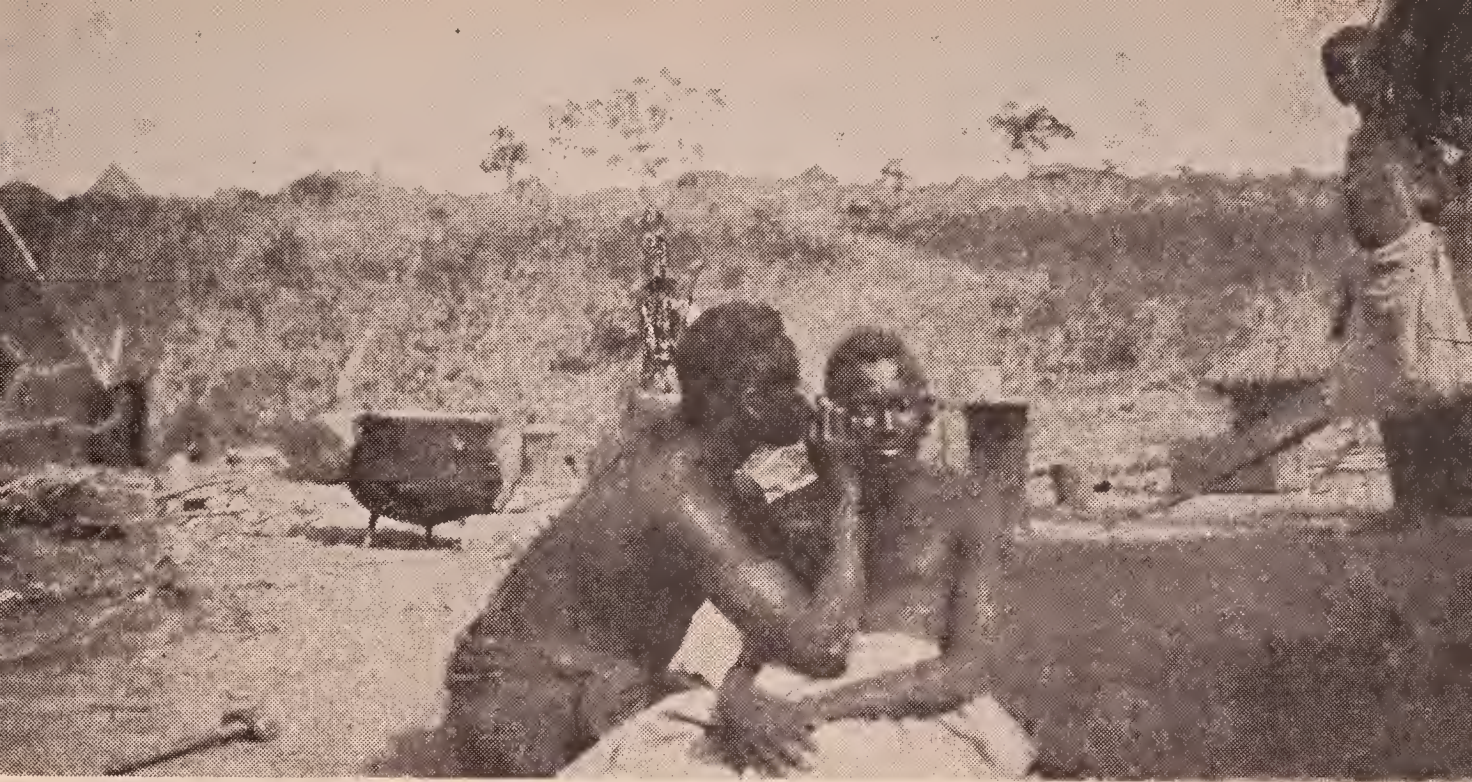
around him. He twisted and squirmed. It was easy to see that Benoni enjoyed other things more than fine clothes.

Besides making cloth and carrying wood, the women who lived in Benoni's kraal took care of the gardens and cooked the meals. To be sure, there was fruit in the forest. They ate this fruit every day. But people who work must have more than fruit to eat.

The women laid great pieces of meat on the fire to roast. They brought fresh vegetables from the gardens and made soup.

They cooked the soup in large open pots.

The women made bowls from which Benoni and his brothers sometimes ate their breakfasts. Some of the bowls were made of mud baked hard in the sun. Others were made from the hard shells of nuts or fruits



that grew in the forest.

But the mothers would have had no meat to roast if the fathers had not gone into the woods to hunt for wild animals. The men often brought back fine fruits and wild honey as well as meat. During certain seasons of the year, they caught fish from the rivers.

When the houses needed new roofs, it was the fathers who went through the woods to the place where the long grass grew. Long lines of men often walked for many miles, carrying great loads of the long, tough grass



on their shoulders.

When the roofs were mended, the men wove the rest of the grass into mats, or baskets. They made large baskets and small baskets. They made baskets of many shapes. The mothers and the children carried fruits and other food in these baskets.

ARE THESE TRUE OR FALSE?

1. Benoni was too small to work.
2. Benoni liked a hot lunch every day.
3. Benoni's father carried the wood.
4. They needed much wood because the climate was so cold.
5. Night-prowling animals came to warm by the fires in Benoni's kraal.
6. Benoni's mother made cloth from cotton.
7. The babies rode as babies do in Japan.
8. The men made baskets from the long grass.
9. The men took care of the gardens.
10. Food was often cooked in large open pots.

A Joke on Mr. Elephant

One morning Benoni's mother came from the garden. In her strange language that did not sound at all like ours, she cried, "Elephants! Elephants! They have been in our gardens. They have tramped upon our yams and our manioc. They have eaten our corn. Nothing is left!"

Benoni's mother had no telephone. She could not call her neighbors and tell them about the elephants.

But his father, the chief, knew how to send the message. He called for his official drum-beater and told him to let all the people know that the elephants were near.

The official drum-beater ran to what looked to us like a long hollow log with a split in the upper side. He took a queer club in

his hands. He began to beat upon the log.

“Tom, tom, tom, tom! Tom, tom, tom, tom!” roared the hollow-log-drum. At least it sounded to us as if the drum said, “Tom, tom, tom, tom! Tom, tom, tom, tom!”

But to Benoni and to all those who lived in the Land of Shadows, it told another story. What it said to them was, “Elephants are near! Elephants are near!”

Soon another drum was heard, far away in the distance, telling the same story, “Elephants are near! Elephants are near!”

The people in Benoni's kraal gathered about their chief's house. They heard what the elephants had done to their gardens. They were much excited. They all talked at once.

“We will catch the elephants! We will pull their long teeth out! We will tear their



meat from their bones! To the hunt! To the hunt!”

After a time all became quiet in the kraal. The men made bows and arrows ready for the hunt. Then they went into the dark shadows of the forest. Briars scratched their faces. Thick branches from the bushes and the trees tore their flesh; but they went on slowly and carefully. They knew that the night-prowling animals were asleep in hidden places. It might mean death to disturb some restless tiger or leopard or lion who

had not been able to catch a full dinner before going to bed at dawn.

As they came near a shady pool, a flock of tick birds rose in the air and fluttered about. "A rhinoceros is resting by the pool," the men whispered in their strange language.

"Let us go quickly from here," said Benoni's father, the chief. "But make no noise!"

And while they crept away, a rhinoceros weighing about four thousand pounds, opened one of his little eyes. He looked out sleepily past the two horns on his broad ugly nose. A rhinoceros can not see very well when he is wide awake. When he is sleepy he sees almost nothing. But this rhinoceros smelled the odor of human flesh; and he heard the twigs and leaves moving, for his nose and ears are keen. However, he did not

stir from his cool, shady mud-hole. It was far past his bedtime and he had dined heartily on many delicious roots and bushes before his clumsy three-toed feet had brought him to the pool. He only sighed and wallowed deeper into his oozy bed.

But Benoni's people knew the rhinoceros would be a dangerous animal if he were awake.

They went on into the forest. They dug deep pits with stones and sticks. They hid the pits with light branches and leaves until an animal walking in the forest would never have seen them.

The men said, "We will play a joke on Mr. Elephant. He will come walking boldly through the forest. He will be thinking of our yams and our manioc and our corn. He will be smiling to himself because of the good

breakfast he has had. He will not be careful where he puts his big clumsy foot.

“Suddenly, as he moves among the shadows and enjoys his breakfast, he will walk upon one of the pits we have dug and covered over so carefully with leaves and branches. He is heavy. The leaves and branches will not hold him up. How surprised he will be when he begins to go down, down, down!

“We will wait at the edge of the clearing until morning. We will be very quiet. But we shall laugh behind our hands because of the funny joke we are playing upon old Mr. Elephant!”

The next morning Benoni was awakened by loud talking as the



people hurried to get ready to go into the forest. He jumped up quickly and followed.

When they came to the first pit, it was just as they had left it the day before. They found the second pit. It was the same. As they came near the third pit, they heard a great sound like the blowing of a trumpet.

“Listen! Listen!” cried the men and boys in their strange language. “There is the elephant. Look! There he is in the pit.”

And sure enough, there he was—as big a Jumbo as you have ever seen in a circus! He had been tricked by the light branches and leaves that covered the deep pit. When he stepped upon them his big foot went through and he fell down, down, down! My! He was surprised and angry! What had happened? What was this great hole into which he had fallen?

Perhaps he remembered having heard his grandfather tell about the traps men set for elephants. "Just wait till I get out of here!" he thought. "I'll make them sorry for the way they have treated me!"

He snorted and blew through his long trumpet-like trunk. He pawed the dirt with his tusks and struggled to get out. But the pit was too deep and its walls were too steep. He could not get out.

The people from the kraal laughed and shouted, "Ho, ho! The joke is on you now, Mr. Elephant! Eat our corn and manioc will you? Trample down our yams, will you? Oh, no! Ho, ho!"

The children and the women ran through the forest gathering firewood. Even Benoni carried a few sticks in his excitement. The men killed the big elephant and pulled

his long white tusks. They cut his meat into large pieces. Some of the meat was laid on the fire to roast. Other pieces were hung over the fire to be smoked and kept to eat later.

Benoni's people needed the elephant meat to eat in place of the vegetables he had destroyed. They said, "Everyone must pay for all the bad he does in this world. This is the way Mr. Elephant will pay for ruining our gardens."

Two elephants were killed that day. Their long white tusks were pulled. Later



they were sold for their ivory to a trader who visited the kraal. The keys on your piano at home may be covered with some of

the pieces of those elephant tusks. Who knows?

When night came, there was a great feast. Then men danced around the fire. The children danced, too. All the people sang and clapped their hands to keep time with the beating of the drums. It was a lively tune that the drums sent out into the forest. Far, far away across the river and into the hills its echo could be heard all night long:

“Tom-ta-tom-tom!

Tom-ta-tom-tom!

Tom-ta-tom! Tom-ta-tom!

Tom-tom-tom-tom!”

The End of the Journey

When the Book Friend had finished the story of Benoni, the parents and friends who had come to school to hear about the imaginary trip clapped and clapped.

“We think you had a fine trip,” they said. “We are proud of you. This is an interesting way to study geography. We feel as if we had gone on a long journey ourselves. Thank you for your splendid program.”



Leslie said, "We have enjoyed telling you about the things we learned on our educational journey. It has been an interesting study for us, also. We have learned that geography teaches us many things about the world. We appreciate geography most of all because it has helped us to see that people, the world over, are very much alike. We have learned to feel friendly toward the children of other countries."

"How would you like to go on a real trip to Africa?" asked one of the guests.

"I should like it very much, indeed," answered Lois. "But I should not want to stay too long."

"I think Mr. Max Yergan is quite brave to leave his own country and to give his services to the people of Africa," said Opal.

"Would you be willing to go to Africa

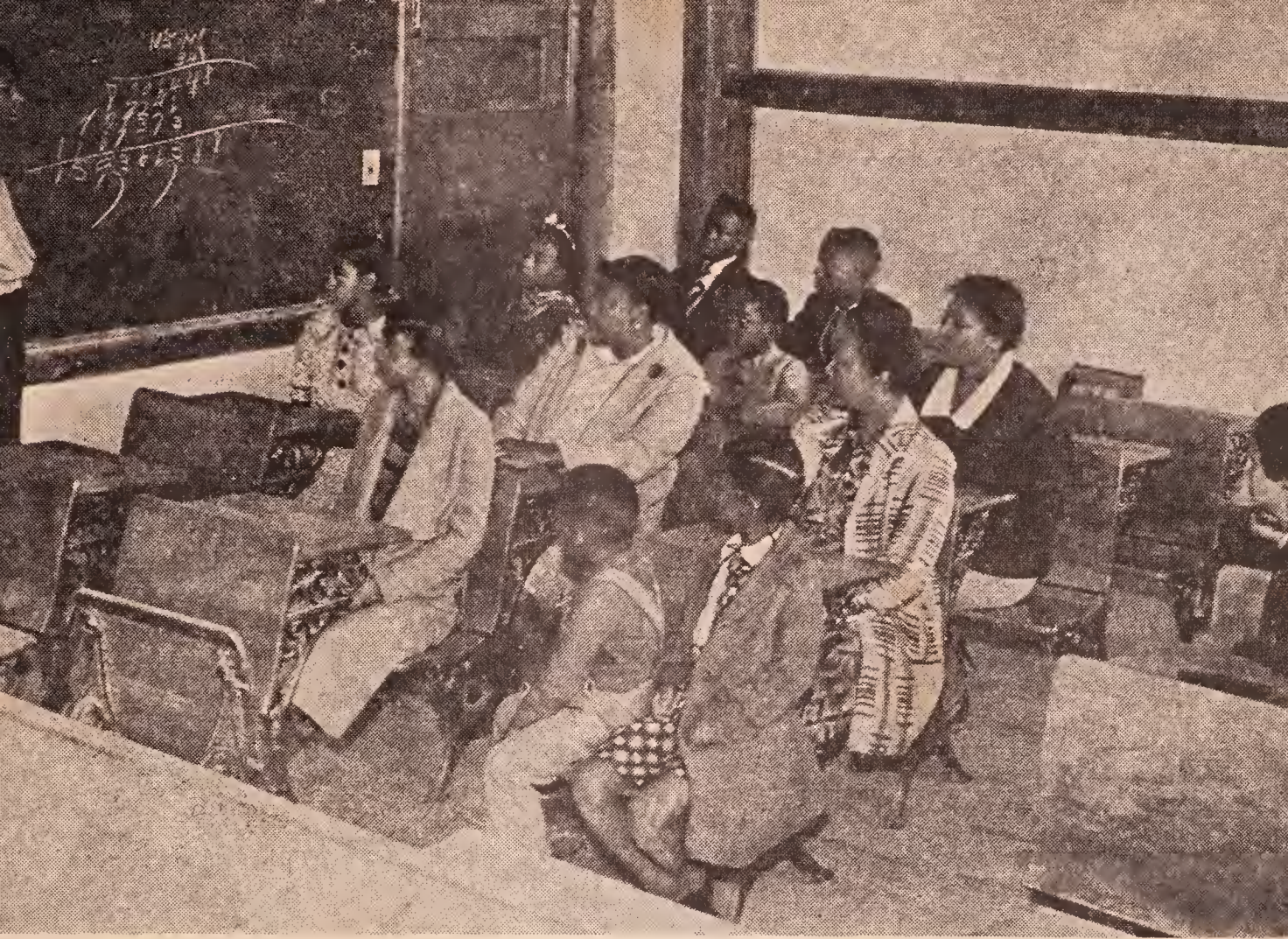
to live, as he has?" asked her grandmother.

"Oh, no!" replied Opal quickly. "I could not leave my own people. I should be too lonely."

"I think America is the best place in the world," declared Talbert.

"I agree with you," said George Earl. "Sometimes it is hard to find work here. Sometimes we think it is not easy to have the friends we want. Sometimes our whole race is hurt because one of our color does wrong. Sometimes we do not get justice in the courts. Often we are discouraged and sad. At times like that we may not appreciate America as much as we should like. But when we study about the people of other lands, we find they have their troubles, too."

"Fathers and mothers, you can look back farther than we can along the road our



race has traveled. You can recall the time when Negroes in America had troubles so great that ours seem little today. You can see our loyal color bearers along the way. You can see them leading our people as we have marched forward through all these many hard years. Help us to remember!

“We have made friends among all races and colors. We are even beginning to make friends among ourselves! We are beginning

to understand and appreciate our own people. We are learning that the color of a man's skin does not tell what is in his heart.

“We know that a Negro can be a fine student, a shrewd business man, a loyal citizen, and a Christian.

“We hear our people sing the lovely spirituals of our race, and our hearts fill with pride. This is truly one of our great gifts to our country.

“We look at the paintings made by our race, and we know in our hearts that they are really beautiful.

“We read the newspapers, the books, the stories, the poems, and the plays our people have written. Again we are proud.

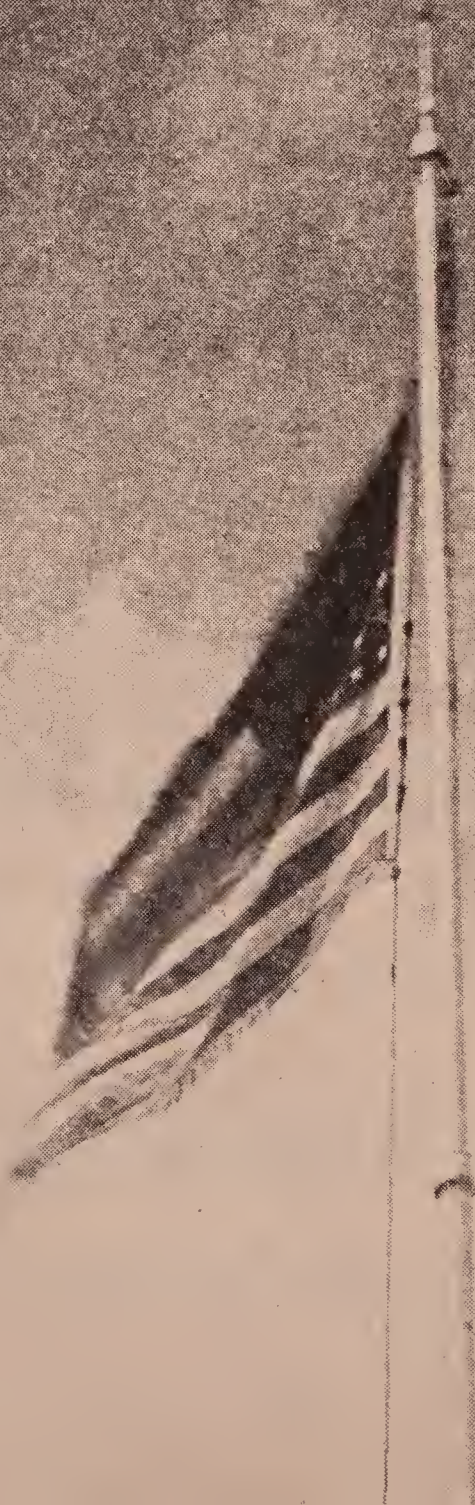
“We see our people on the stage and in the motion pictures, and we know that we see true art.

“And because we feel pride in ourselves and our race—because we know that only a strong character can endure a storm—we are beginning to work together. At last we are moving forward, hand in hand on a great American Tour. We see a vision of the place we want to go, and the path ahead is growing clearer.

“If we stand together and work for what is right, we shall make this American Tour more interesting than any imaginary trip. Japan, Africa, South America, and all other foreign countries are interesting. It is right that we should study about them in school. People who know each other well, do not often fight. We want to be friends with all the world.

“But this is our native country. This is the land in which our parents have struggled

and developed. Here are our homes and our families. No matter where we may journey, we shall always return. We are Americans!”



YOUR LITTLE DICTIONARY

YOUR LITTLE DICTIONARY

A good reader looks in the dictionary to find the meaning of a word he does not know. He looks in the dictionary to learn how to pronounce words, too.

To help you find a word quickly, the words in your little dictionary are arranged in **alphabetical order**.

Often a word has more than one meaning. Your little dictionary tells you the meaning of the word as it is used in this book.

WORD LIST

abilities, powers to do, or to accomplish
absent, away; not there
academy, a school
accident, bad luck; an unexpected happening
accomplish, to do
accord, agreement
accustomed, having the habit of
acquaint, to make known
acres, plots of land equal to 160 square rods
activities, plans and programs
administration, direction; management
admired, highly respected
advancement, helping to be better; going forward
Africa, a large continent
Alabama, a southern state of the United States
alarm, something which rings or makes a loud noise to wake people at a certain time
almanacs, books with calendars of days, weeks and months; and with facts about the sun and moon
Alphonso, a boy's name
annual, yearly
antelope, an animal that lives in Africa
apartments, sets of rooms in which families live
argument, quarrel
Armistice, November 11th, the day on which, in 1918, soldiers in the World War stopped fighting
articles, stories, or pieces, in a newspaper, a magazine, or a book
association, a group of people working together
Atlanta, a city in Georgia
attended, was present at; went to
attractive, pleasing

Augusta, a doctor's name; a city in Georgia
aunt, an uncle's wife; or a sister of one's father or mother
average, If we divide the number of people in Oklahoma by the number of doctors, the answer is the average number of people for each doctor.
awarded, given as a reward for something done
awning, a rooflike canvas over the window, used as a shade or shelter from sun and rain

basked, lay quietly and comfortably
baton, the stick with which the leader of a band beats time
Bedouins, people, usually Arabs, who move from place to place in the desert
Benoni, a boy's name
British, people of a country called Great Britain. The ruler of this country lives in England.
bundle, a number of things wrapped together
burrs, seeds having a rough coat that clings or sticks to things

Cabinet, a group of persons who help the President make plans for our country
café, a public place in which people eat and pay for their meals
calendar, a paper that shows the days, weeks, and months of a year
camel, a large animal used in the desert; It has one, and sometimes two, humps on its back.
campus, the land around a college; school grounds
Canada, the country north of the United States of America
Carnegie Institute, a school founded by Andrew Carnegie, a wealthy man who gave much money to education and art
Carolina, a southern state in the United States
carriages, wheeled carts or wagons in which people ride
celebrate, to observe in some special way
cellar, a room under the ground
Chicago, a large city in the United States
Christian, a person who believes in Jesus Christ and tries to follow his teachings
chrysanthemum, a plant that bears large flowers
Cincinnati, a large city in the state of Ohio
cinder, a partly burned piece of coal that has no fire in it
circus, a show in which people and animals take part
climate, weather conditions as to heat, cold, rain, or dry
clinic, a school where medical cases are studied and treated
coiled, wound in circles

Colorado, a state in the United States
column, a long straight row
commencement, the day students receive their degrees from a school; the day they graduate
concert, a musical program
conductor, the one in charge; the leader
considered, thought to be; regarded
continent, one of the large divisions of land on the earth; Continents are divided into countries.
continue, to carry on; to go forward
courteous, polite
cousins, sons or daughters of one's aunt or uncle
conversation, friendly talk
coöperation, working well with others
Crispus Attucks, a man's name
culture, good taste; manners; education; refinement
cymbals, brass plates which are struck together to make a sharp ringing sound

Daytona, a city in the state of Florida
Declaration of Independence, the act by which the colonies made it known that they were free from Great Britain
degree, a rank to which students are admitted when they have done certain work in college
delicious, pleasing to the taste
dentist, one who cleans and repairs teeth
desert, waste land where plants do not grow because there is not enough rain
destroyed, ruined; tore up
determination, a strong will to do; firmness of purpose
devoted, set apart for a special purpose
dials, clock faces
dignity, nobility; honor; greatness
disappear, to pass from sight
Disciples, the twelve selected companions of Jesus
discouraged, disheartened; unhappy
distinguished, set apart from others by great honor
divine, belonging to God
Durham, a city in the state of North Carolina
duty, the way in which a person should act

earthquake, a shaking of the earth
echo, a sound heard again
edit, to prepare material to be printed

education, training for better living
Egypt, a country in Africa
Emancipation, freedom
Emmaus, a village in Palestine
Emperor Jones, a character in a well-known play
endure, bear with patience
equator, an imaginary circle around the earth, everywhere the
 same distance from the North Pole and the South Pole
especially, in a particular way
Europe, a continent east of the Atlantic Ocean
examined, looked at closely and carefully
excitement, anything that excites or stirs up
exclaimed, cried; called out
exercise, use; train the body
exhibit, a collection of pictures; a show
expenses, the money one spends
extended, stretched out; made longer

famous, much talked of
feast, holiday with much food to eat
finally, after a time; at last
Florida, a southern state in the United States
foreign, outside of one's own country
France, a country in Europe
fringe, a border trimming with loose thread ends

galloping, running with repeated springs or leaps
gazed, looked at a long time
geography, a study of the earth and its people
Georgia, a state in the southern part of the United States
ghost, the soul or spirit of a person who has died
giraffe, a tall African animal with a very long neck
Gomorrah, an old city of Palestine
Gordon, a man's name
government, the power that controls a nation
graduate, to complete a course of study and be admitted to
 higher standing in college
guests, visitors

harmony, tones that make a pleasing sound when sung or played
 together
Hawthorne, a well-known American writer
Hiawatha, an Indian character in one of Mr. Longfellow's
 poems

hippopotamus, a large hog-like animal that lives in the swamps of Africa

history, a true story of what has happened

honors, marks of respect

hospitals, places in which the sick or injured are cared for

hotel, a house where strangers or travelers can sleep

human, a man, woman, or child

idea, a plan; a belief; a notion

Illinois, a state in the United States

impression, influence on the mind or habits

increased, grew; became more

information, news; facts; knowledge

insects, very small animals, as flies, bees, etc.

inscribed, written

instructions, teachings; orders; directions

intelligence, ability to learn or understand

interracial, among different races of people

introduced, brought in; made known

Isabella, a woman's name

jabbering, talking in a way that cannot be understood

janitor, a person who cleans and takes care of the building

Japan, a small country far from the United States

Judas, a disciple of Jesus

keys, the parts struck in playing a piano

kimonos, loose robes worn by both men and women in Japan

knots, lumps

kraal, a native village in Africa

labeled, marked with a name

labor unions, organizations among people who do certain kinds of work

Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, whose story is told in the Bible; the man whom Jesus raised from death and the grave

Lima, a city in South America

Lindbergh, a well-known American, the first to fly alone over the Atlantic Ocean

local, having to do with a certain place; nearby

Louvre, a group of buildings in Paris containing the largest and most famous collection of paintings in the world

Luxembourg, a city in Europe, famous for its art

magazine, a paper containing pictures and stories printed weekly, monthly, etc.

mail, letters, papers, and packages sent from one Post Office to another

malaria, a sickness that causes chills and fever

mallet, a wooden hammer with a short handle

managed, handled, or took care of, the business

manioc, a plant whose roots are used for food

manly, as a man should be; brave and noble

maple, a kind of tree whose leaves show many colors in autumn

mathematics, the study of number, measurement, and space

mechanic, one skilled in the use of tools; one who makes repairs, and uses machines

medal, a piece of metal like a coin, given as an honor to a person who has done something great

medical, having to do with healing or medicine

medicine, the study of facts about how to prevent or cure disease; anything used in treating disease

Meharry, a medical school in Tennessee

member, one who belongs to a certain group

merchants, storekeepers

message, words or ideas sent from one person to another

Metropolitan Museum, the largest and most important art collection in the United States

minister, the pastor of a church; one who preaches

missionaries, persons who go out to train others to be Christians

model, something to be used as a pattern

modern, of the present; up-to-date

mosquitoes, small two-winged insects

motor, the machine that makes a thing move

Mutual Life Insurance, the name of a business

Nashville, a city in Tennessee

native, belonging to one because of his birth in a certain place

oasis, a small part of a desert, in which plants grow

occasionally, happening only now and then

operation, something done to the body, usually with instruments

opinion, what one thinks or believes

opportunity, a good chance

organizing, putting together in working order

Othello, a character in a famous play

Pacific, the ocean west of the United States

Palestine, the country in which Jesus was born

palette, a board on which a painter mixes his colors
Paris, a city in France
Pennsylvania, a Middle Atlantic State in the United States
Philadelphia, a large city in the state of Pennsylvania
piano, a large musical instrument
picnic, an outdoor party with food eaten in the open air
pit, a deep hole in the ground
Pittsburgh, a large city in southern Pennsylvania
poisonous, very harmful to life and health
postpone, to put off till later
predicted, told of something before it happened
prepare, to make ready
present, to bring a gift to
present, at a certain place
pretend, to make believe something that is not true
prevent, to keep from happening
prisoners, people held in a place against their wills
problem, something that needs to be worked out; a difficulty
program, a plan of what is to be done
prompt, quick, and ready to act
propeller, blades that move fast and push the airplane forward
Provident, the name of a hospital in Chicago
prowling, moving about slowly and secretly, hunting for something to eat or to steal
puckered, drawn into wrinkles
puzzle, a hard thing to do; a difficult problem
python, a very large snake

Quaker, member of a certain religious group

recognized, knew
reduce, to make less
restore, to put back in good condition
Revolutionary War, the war between the American colonies and Great Britain
Rhode Island, the smallest state in United States
ridicule, remarks intended to make people laugh at a person
Roosevelt, the name of a man who was president of the United States
route, a way; a road; a path

scholarship, money given a student to help continue his school work

Scotia Seminary, a school

secretary, one who writes letters and keeps records for a person or an organization
select, choose
self-sacrifice, giving up one's own pleasure for the good of others
service, being helpful to others
shrewd, sharp; keen; cunning
signal, a sign giving notice of something
similar, alike
slack, small pieces of coal; waste parts
slit, a long narrow cut
Sodom, an old city in Palestine
soothing, comforting; peaceful
spears, long sharp-pointed weapons
special, unusual; uncommon
Spingarn, the name of a man who gives a medal each year to the Negro who has done the most for his race
Spirituals, religious songs
St. Louis, a large city on the Mississippi River
stabbed, wounded by a knife or other pointed weapon
stilts, tall poles with high steps or loops for the feet
success, time well spent; the desired result
suit, fit; seem to be just right
surgeon, a doctor who performs operations
surgery, the work done by a surgeon to heal injuries by operation
surveying, measuring, examining, and making a record of any part of the earth's surface
swamp, low, wet ground usually covered with water
swords, long sharp-pointed blades with cutting edges

tact, a fine understanding of how to get along with others
Talbert, a boy's name; also the name of a Negro woman who did much for her people
telescope, an instrument that helps a person to see things at a distance
Tennessee, a state in the United States
termite, a pale-colored insect, often called an ant
threatening, promising to harm or injure
tomb, a grave
tour, a journey; a long trip
treasurer, one who has charge of money taken in and paid out
trumpet, a musical instrument which gives a loud ringing sound
tsetse, an African fly that carries a poison

tusks, long, greatly enlarged teeth

Tuskegee, a school in the state of Alabama, founded by Booker T. Washington

Uncle Sam, a name sometimes used in speaking of the United States government

uniforms, a special kind of clothing worn by soldiers

unruffled, smooth; quiet

unusual, not common; rare

velvet, a kind of cloth

venture, an undertaking in which there is risk of losing

violin, a musical instrument with four strings, played with a bow

Virginia, a state in the eastern part of the United States

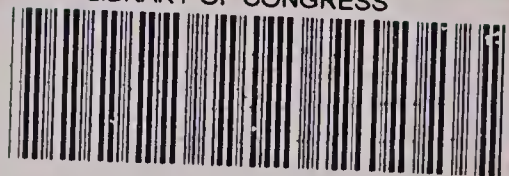
wanderer, one who moves about from place to place

Worcester, a city in Massachusetts

yams, root vegetables, like sweet potatoes

zebra, a horse-like animal, marked with stripes over its whole body

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